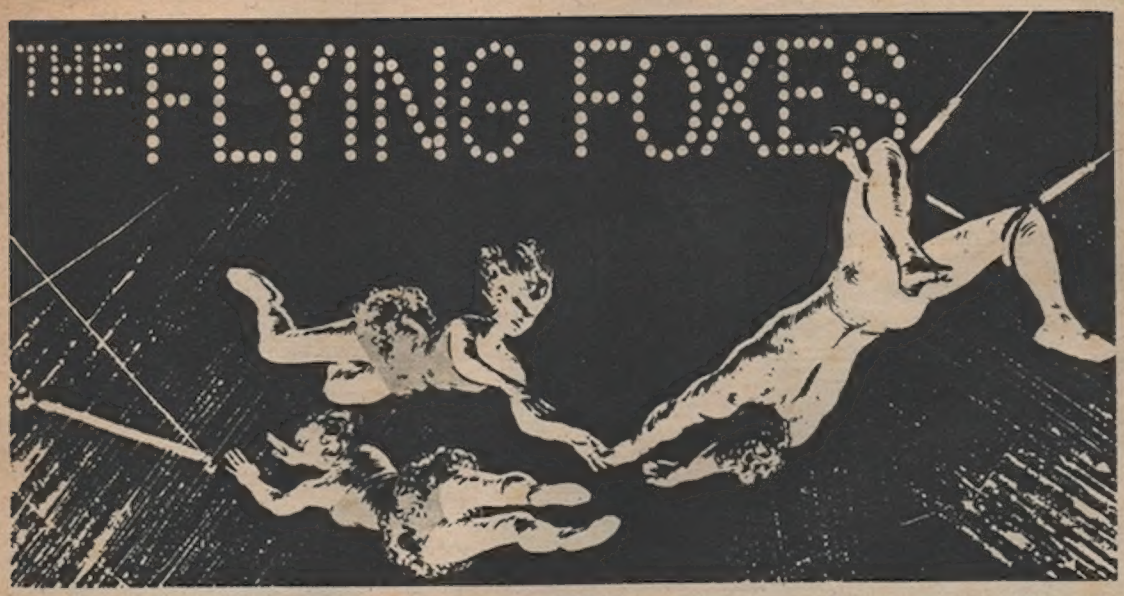
Week ending January 17 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

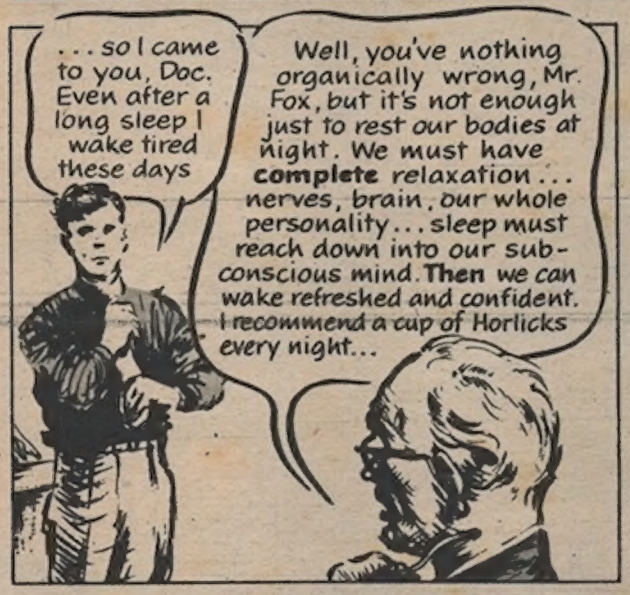
TAKE IT FROM ME by JIMMY EDWARDS



JANUARY 1952
Well girls, season's over. Now for a good rest before rehearsals
We'll need some bookings for the Spring, Fred
Don't worry, Doris. Fred always turns up trumps

Well, Mr. Leslie? Got a spot for us in next season's show?
Sorry, Fred, no dice. You're good, but the public wants novelty. Your act hasn't got it

Same old story! "You're good but we want a new act". What now, Fred?
I just don't know, ducks. I keep beating my head but can't think up anything new – I'm too tired!
Well, you must do something!

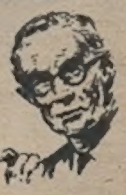

. . . so I came to you, Doc. Even after a long sleep I wake tired these days
Well, you've nothing organically wrong, Mr. Fox, but it's not enough just to rest our bodies at night. We must have complete relaxation . . . nerves, brain, our whole personality . . . sleep must reach down into our sub-conscious mind. Then we can wake refreshed and confident. I recommend a cup of Horlicks every night . . .

But the new act's a humdinger, Mr. Leslie. Just see it
(THINKS) They weren't much good when I saw them last, but we need someone
O.K., Fred

FIRST NIGHT
These Foxes are terrific, Leslie. Listen to the applause
Fred's got a good act there. But-(gasp)-look! Doris's bar has collapsed! Fred's swung out and caught her

Lucky you caught her, Fred!
Lucky, my foot! That's the new stunt Fred's dreamed up
(THINKS) The Flying Foxes are on the way up now – thanks to Horlicks

"IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF ASLEEP . . .



"HAVE YOU ever watched people asleep? Some look blissfully peaceful. Some seem tense.

"And so they are. They are asleep, but not relaxed. Their sleep is superficial, not reaching down to the subconscious mind.

"To enjoy 'happy' sleep, mind and body must relax completely. By promoting this tranquil state, and by helping to remove disturbing stimuli in the bloodstream and digestive system, Horlicks also helps you to wake up confident . . . restored . . . full of zest and optimism."

HORLICKS

RESTORES YOU BY NIGHT

EDITORIAL

Seven hours a penny

THE B.B.C. is near the rocks. In its latest annual report, the Corporation says it will be unable to finance any capital expenditure in future; moreover, it may not be able to make both ends meet day by day.

The most expensive programme the B.B.C. puts on at the moment, one of *The Passing Show* series, costs around £2,000 to stage.

But sponsored TV has already approached leading stars with dazzling offers which would put up the price tenfold.

ONE football club, Arsenal, has been offered £20,000 a year for the rights of big matches.

The B.B.C. will need a lot more money if it is to outstrip such opposition.

A superficially attractive offer to raise it is now being pressed by the commercial television concerns themselves. They want to hire time on B.B.C. wavelengths, when the Corporation is off the air.

SIR IAN
"If public will pay . . ."

But, in the interests of high programme standards and freedom from salesmen-in-the-living-room, this offer must be rejected and the money found elsewhere.

At present the Treasury takes a £2-million-a-year tax from the £13-million licence revenue. One of the first decisions announced by the new Director-General of the B.B.C., Sir Ian Jacob, was to press for *all* the revenue.

"I shall certainly ask for that fifteen per cent back. It does not mean that I shall get it," he said.

AT the same time, a more effective drive must be made on licence-dodgers. In October 120,000 TV sets were sold, while only 77,436 licences were taken out.

A simple way to end this large-scale evasion is for the dealer to take out a licence when he delivers the set, as is common practice in the car trade.

It might still be necessary to increase the TV licence fee.

In the twelve months to last July, every person in the country paid an average of £2 4s. a head on cinema-going. If the TV licence fee was raised from £2 to £3, TV watchers would still be paying only 17s. 6d. a year on the basis of the average family of 3-4 people. That means more than seven hours for a penny fee.

SIR IAN says: "If the public is prepared to pay for the best, we shall try our best to provide it."

Give the B.B.C. all the licence money, catch the dodgers and, if necessary, raise the licence fee moderately, and the B.B.C. will be able to improve its programme and coverage, and fight its sponsored competitor.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

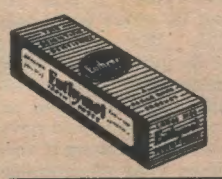
No more football, no more climbing trees, no more nothing, thinks the boy in Charles Wood's painting as he gazes at his broken arm—his catapult arm. But Doctor has words of comfort. A boy with an arm like that can be a crippled explorer battling through the snow, a lone cowboy winged in a desperate duel. Why, his pals will be green with envy. . . . Charles Wood's mischievous son, Nicholas, posed for the picture. Nick is still in one piece—yet.

TAKE IT FROM ME by JIMMY EDWARDS

more people are using

Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE

Why? Because Euthymol is a *complete toothpaste.*
It cleans your teeth, protects your gums, destroys bacteria that cause decay and mouth odours—thus leaving the whole mouth clean, fresh and healthy.
Ask your Chemist for Euthymol



for REAL mouth Freshness

Worried by INDIGESTION?

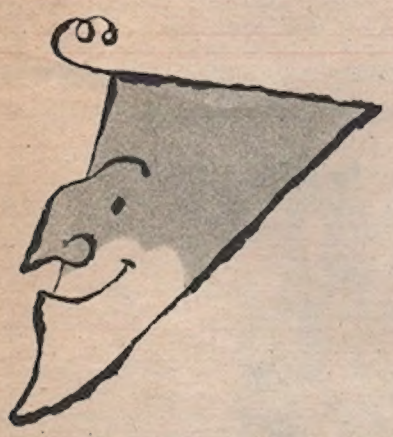
I've found the answer!

"I had just the same trouble some years ago . . . such sharp pains after eating, I never really enjoyed a meal. But I found the answer . . . 'Milk of Magnesia'*; it put me right pretty quick and has kept me right ever since."
'Milk of Magnesia' is a mild laxative as well as an antacid—so it corrects acidity and keeps the system regular too.

4 oz. size 1/9 — 12 oz. size 3/6

'Milk of Magnesia'
* REGD. TRADE MARK

The Answer to Acid-Indigestion



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Cream—without a

trace of soreness!

be well and truly shaved

with

PARKE-DAVIS

shaving cream

Parke-Davis Shaving Cream contains Mercuric Iodide—a powerful antiseptic.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

●MINISTRY

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The **SUNBEAM**

ALL-NIGHT FIRE

COMPLETE WITH

COMBINED GUARD & TABLE

REALLY BURNS "NUTTY SLACK"

"The Warmest Way of Saving Fuel!"

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TIPTON, STAFFS

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FREE SPEECH

Children who revolt against their home

MY sister is married to a lawyer with a good practice. He is kindly, generous, and a good husband and father, in a limited way. On a visit I once commented upon the absence of mirrors, pictures and ornaments in the house. My brother-in-law told me that he had plenty, but they were in store. "There's no point in bringing them out while the children are young," he said. "They would only knock them about. At their age they don't appreciate good things."

His children, two girls of nine and thirteen, are intelligent, cynical and noisy. They are constantly being scolded and frequently smacked. But they don't change. They are living in a house which is cold and unemotional, and its effect is to make them cold, too. But when they stayed with me I found them affectionate and responsive. They confessed openly that they preferred my home to their own. They would never have had to admit such a thing if their father had realized that environment during childhood is more important than at any other time in shaping character.—MRS. O. L., High Wycombe, Bucks.

Secret Rumba

NORMAN PHILLIPS'S article on Edmundo Ros (JOHN BULL, December 27) cleared up a wartime mystery for me. Ros is said to have played certain tunes over the air as a means of passing official messages to secret agents. In 1943 I was a telegraphist in the Royal Navy, and was ordered to keep watch on a wavelength which I knew was being used by a secret station. One morning I received a signal requesting the Admiralty to play "South American Joe" on a certain wavelength at 1600 hours. I now wonder if it was Ros who obliged.—H. S., Lancs.

The Trespassers

OUR electric power was cut, and a groping search through cupboards failed to locate an elusive packet of candles, bought for just such an emergency. We remembered that our large henhouse contained a paraffin vapour lamp, which helps to boost

egg production. The snag was that if the lamp was removed for one evening, the next day's egg count would be lowered. There was only one solution. We carried chairs from the house and joined the hens.—E. F., Dinnet, Aberdeenshire.

Bird Eats Bird

A NUMBER of great black-backed gulls, after resting on my fishing boat off East Anglia, attacked some small migrant birds. They pursued them on the wing, then bore them to the water, where they proceeded to eat them. It was my first experience of seeing cannibalism among birds. Are there any other birds which practise it?—DAVID COWIE, Buckie, Banffshire.

The Curator of Birds at the London Zoo says: Strictly, cannibalism is feeding on one's own species, and is rare in the bird kingdom. The great black-backed gull, if hungry, might devour another of the same species which was disabled. They certainly eat smaller birds, and so do owls and sparrow hawks. Jays, magpies and carrion crows eat nestlings and young pheasants.

The Law-Abiding

TRAVELLING frequently on double-decker buses, I have never seen a passenger disregard the "no-smoking" rule on the lower deck. Yet many times fellow passengers have smoked

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

CAB CALLOWAY

Dean of Jive

by Norman Phillips

in a "no-smoking" compartment on trains. Does the presence of a conductor in a bus stop travellers from breaking the rules? If so, British Railways should instruct its employees to ask smokers to sit in the proper compartments.—R. G. CLARK, Bedford Grove, Bridlington, Yorks.

Staff on duty in a train are instructed to do just that, whenever they see the label ignored, says B.R.

Unsold Fish

IN your editorial, "That Sea-Food" (JOHN BULL, December 13), you referred to some remarks I made at a meeting in Coventry. The figures given then were the same as those quoted by me in the House of Commons on October 24, and appeared in Hansard the next day. The figure for unsold fish at United Kingdom ports in May and June, 1952, should have been 1,500,000 *stones*, not tons, as reported by you.—ELAINE BURTON, M.P., House of Commons.

In Grimsby, writes Graham Cann, secretary of the local fish merchants' association, unsold tonnage was mostly small bream and crushed fish.

Work To Noise

YOUR article "Noise" (JOHN BULL, December 27) recalled my days at college when I tried to work in a quiet study, but without success. Having been used to the accompaniment of a musical background at home, I found the stillness more nerve-wracking than restful, as it only reminded me how fast time was passing. In fact I was making little progress, until I introduced some noise by switching on a wireless set.—MISS J. B., Liverpool.

Doctor Spider

STUART CLOETE, in his story, *The Boy Who Was Old Enough* (JOHN BULL, December 20), mentions the use of cobwebs for treating wounds which have caused bleeding. In my grandparents' day it was common practice to search for webs in the oldest cupboard, or under the sink, when one of the family was cut. It may have stopped the bleeding but it seems very unhygienic, and threatens infection. Is there any healing power in cobwebs, and are they still used?—D. H. RAMSAY, Hampstead Road, Brislington, Bristol.

A doctor says: Cobwebs are no longer used, and the risk of infection, if they are, is a real one. But for many centuries they were believed to be efficacious in stopping bleeding, and they probably had some effect.

Classroom Mother

TEACHERS are sometimes criticized for their handling of children. But I know that my young son is in good hands. When I took his wellingtons and raincoat to school recently, I peeped through his classroom door. All the children were lined up, while their mistress tucked up coat collars and made sure that each was equipped to face the snowstorm outside.—MRS. DORIS HALL, Turney Street, Nottingham.

Jack Of Two Trades

WHEN I asked for leather in a boot and shoe repairer's I was told that I would be served at the butcher's, next door. Both shops were under the same ownership, and the butcher carried out shoe repairs in his spare time.—PHILIP J. SHAW, Pye Green, Hednesford, Staffs.

No Cold Need Apply

THE medical officer at our Royal Air Force station is by no means overworked. So I was surprised, on visiting sick quarters, to see this notice pinned to his door: "An untreated cold lasts seven days. A treated cold lasts one week. If you are thinking of reporting sick with

just a cold, think twice, or your reception in this room may be too hot." I wondered how many suffering airmen had failed to report, when it was necessary, because of this cheerless welcome.—AIRMAN, Worcestershire.

Foreign Dead End

WHAT a pity that Englishmen are so ashamed of their own language! Near my home a notice has been put up for the guidance of motorists. It reads "Cul-de-sac." What is the matter with that fine old English phrase, "Dead End"?—J. C., Preston, Lancs.

More Favourites

LIKE A. M., of Ashford, who gave his choice of the best things in JOHN BULL during 1952 ("Free Speech," December 20), I have made my own selection. For real adventure I award top place to Russell Braddon's *The Naked Island*, and to the series *Escape—Or Die*, by Paul Brickhill. Cdr. Edward Young's *One Of Our Submarines* was the most authentic-sounding sea story of the

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

last war that I have yet read. The life story of comedian Ted Ray was good light relief. I applaud your courage in publishing Margiad Evans's own case-history of epilepsy. My favourite serial, which I think is the best for years, is *The Singer, Not The Song*.—R. C. T., Dereham, Norfolk.

. . . The best article of 1952 was "Tulyar, Laziest Horse At The Winning Post," by Eric Bennett. What a great horse the season proved him to be!—W. FRANCIS, Bucklands End Lane, Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.

. . . I have been reading your serials for years and *Campbell's Kingdom*, by Hammond Innes, beats them all. It gripped me to the last word.—J. HEATH, Clifton Street, May Bank, Newcastle, Staffs.

. . . My niece in Chicago, to whom I send JOHN BULL regularly, thought that Nevil Shute's *The Far Country* and Victor Canning's *The House Of The Seven Flies* were the best stories she has read in any magazine.—A. H. JAQUES, May Terrace, Lipson, Plymouth.

. . . I hope Agatha Christie is still writing stories as good as *They Do It With Mirrors*, and that you will go on publishing her work.—A. J. M., Oswestry, Shropshire.

A new serial by Agatha Christie will start in JOHN BULL *soon.*

The Cover Kids

I NEVER see Douglas Mays's Cover Kids on the front of JOHN BULL without thinking of the professor who named his four children

Imprimis, Finis, Appendix, Addendum. When a fifth came he called it Erratum.—C. FRANK SHAW, Nyland Road, Huyton, Liverpool.

. . . I am writing this with the temperature at 96 deg. My parents have sent JOHN BULL to me since I left England in 1950. How I look forward to it and greet the postman, especially when the cover is by Mays. His painting of the little girl with the pancake on her head (JOHN BULL, February 18, 1950) was the funniest I have ever seen.—MRS. CONSTANCE GREAVES, Hazel Street, Mount Isa, N.W. Queensland, Australia.

March Baby Bonus

A FRIEND, whose wife is expecting their first child in April, told me that if the baby should be born in March, he would get a rebate on the income tax he had paid during the previous year. He would not get a penny if the child arrived in April, because that is the first month of the Chancellor's financial year.—K. P. G., Stafford.

The financial year begins on April 6 and ends on April 5. If the child is born on or before April 5, the father claims an allowance for that year. If the child is born on or after April 6, the allowance can be claimed only for the current year. But the father does not lose an allowance for one year. When the child becomes sixteen (and leaves school) the father gets the allowance for that year twelve months later.

There's always time for

NESCAFÉ

His timing is dramatic and his coffee, at any rate, is far from amateur! Coffee is perfect every time when you make it with Nescafé. A spoonful of Nescafé in the cup, piping hot water, and there's stimulating, refreshing coffee with that roaster-fresh smell and taste that pleases coffee-critics everywhere.

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, combined and powdered with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavour

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ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

WORKING TOO HARD! COULDN'T TAKE A HOLIDAY-HM
MY DOCTOR SAYS IT WOULD IMPROVE MY APPETITE AND GENERAL CONDITION
LOTS OF CUSTOMERS COME IN HERE FOR THEIR BURGUNDY ON THEIR DOCTOR'S ADVICE
YOU'LL FIND THIS A SOUND ROBUST WINE SIR. JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

(17)

KEYSTONE
AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

STILL ONLY 11/6
A FLAGON & 5/9
A HALF FLAGON
6d. extra deposit (returnable) on both sizes

Delights the palate, creates appetite, makes every meal a banquet
Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3.

To ease your chest and keep you glowing
When a cold north wind is blowing—

HOARSE? GO-SUCK A

ZUBE

8½d and 1/4 tins, 5½d an oz. loose

EXCITING ADVANCE NEWS for the CHILDREN of John Bull Readers

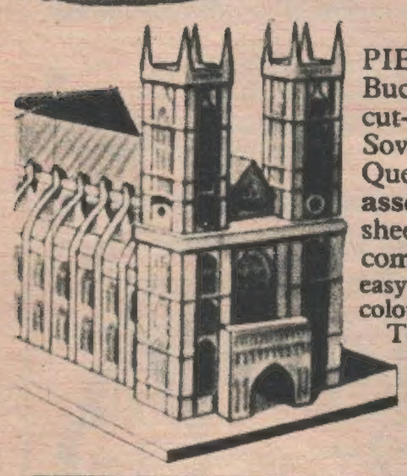
AT AMAZING PRIVILEGE PRICE

CORONATION BOOK OF CUT-OUT MODELS

The CORONATION CUT-OUT MODEL BOOK
WITH THE STORY OF THE CORONATION
with The PROCESSION THE PALACE & THE ABBEY in Full Colour over 30 PIECES
The CHILDREN'S OWN CORONATION BOOK!
MAKES LIFE-LIKE PROCESSION OVER ONE YARD LONG

FASCINATING! INSTRUCTIVE!

Here, now on the press, is THE book that will thrill every boy or girl. **YOU simply MUST reserve yours at once—whilst a copy can be guaranteed!** In full colour, on stout board, ready to cut out and assemble, detailed, **fascinating, models of the Coronation scene** — over 30 PIECES—grand three-dimensional models of the Abbey, Buckingham Palace and The Coronation Coach: separate cut-outs include: the Windsor Greys and grooms, the Sovereign's escort, the Lifeguards and Yeomen of the Queen's Guard—**the whole magnificent procession when assembled is over one yard long!** 10 large modelling sheets (8½ x 14½in.), and 12 pages of descriptive text and complete easy-to-follow instructions make these beautiful easy-to-fit models grand fun to build. Picture board covers in full colour. Many of the models are ready-cut and creased for fixing. The book includes the fascinating Story of the Coronation, illustrated. **It's the most enthralling instructive souvenir of Coronation Year. But to make sure of a copy you must ACT NOW. The coupon below will reserve a copy in your name when book is ready (early Feb.) at the amazing Privilege Price of 6/6d.**



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Without obligation reserve **The Coronation Cut-Out Model Book** in my name and send invoice with "Full Satisfaction or Money-Back" Guarantee when book is ready (early February).

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J.F.1./17/1/53

"So you know all the answers, do you?"

SAID

JOHN MILLS

"I'M SUPPOSED TO," said Barbara Cole. "That's the Continuity Girl's job."

"Well, don't look now," said John, "but how many cigarettes have I smoked this morning?"

"That's easy—four."

*"That's **wrong**—THREE. One in each 'take', and we only did three."*

"And what about the one I saw you smoking in the tea-break?"

*"So you made a note of that too, did you? Don't you **ever** relax?"*

"Just occasionally! The same way you do—with a cigarette!"

*"And don't we need it in this business! After a day in the studio, give me a cosy fire, a good book and a cigarette, and you can keep the cosy fire and the good book! One more question—what **kind** of cigarette do I smoke?"*

"Capstan. So do I . . . please."

*"O.K. you **do** know all the answers!"*

"Well," said Barbara, "why d'you think this film's called 'The Long Memory'?"

When you see "THE LONG MEMORY"

You'll be thrilled by this moving human drama of revenge planned by a man who spent 12 years in prison, wrongfully convicted of murder.

Have a CAPSTAN

- they're made to make friends

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Capture his heart with Silken Sheen!

THE LOOK IN YOUR EYES, the sheen of your hair—like rich, soft silk!—these are the things that capture his heart. You can give your hair a firelight glow, a warm, loving silkiness—if you use 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo. This shampoo leaves your hair radiantly clean—naturally fresh and lovely. Buy a packet today! Price 5d.

Vaseline*

SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

Makes your hair clean—gives it silken sheen

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"Professor" Jimmy Edwards. On stage, his tomfoolery on the trombone is all part of his act, but he is in fact a skilled brass instrumentalist

TAKE IT FROM ME (2) by JIMMY EDWARDS

Raising the roof at Cambridge

The freshmen's classical concert was meant to be a sober, highbrow affair. Then on came Jimmy with his ancient trombone—and solemnity was blown to the winds

AFTER WINNING the scholarship to St. John's College, Cambridge, I was faced with a period of three months before the first term started and I had nothing whatever to do. I knew that I would need every penny I could scrape up for Cambridge, and I could count on very little financial assistance from my family, now that my father was dead. Accordingly, I put my name down at an agency for schoolmasters.

I was soon told there was a vacancy at a school at Walmer, in Kent. There must have been a shortage of applicants for this particular post, because after a brief interview with the headmaster, Mr. Hitchcock, I was given the job. As I cycled towards Walmer, my one small suitcase full of personal belongings wobbling precariously on the carrier, I had an uneasy feeling I was not going to be a great success as a schoolmaster.

The school was a delightful old house with beautifully kept gardens, cricket fields and tennis courts. The boys there ranged in age from seven to fourteen, and my job was to teach every subject in the syllabus. I was a mere eighteen years of age myself. Once a week, it was my duty to take the boys into Deal, where they swam in the municipal swimming pool. After I had done this once, the headmaster called me aside. He hemmed and hawed for an embarrassed moment. Then he said: "Look here, Edwards, you had better buy yourself a hat, so that I can distinguish you from the boys." On my next trip to Deal I bought a trilby hat for 4s. 11d. It was the first one I ever owned—and the last.

In addition to teaching the junior forms

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM KEMP

As a schoolmaster, Jimmy (seated second right) was a failure. Only eighteen, he was ragged mercilessly by the boys. At half-term he got the sack

English, French, Latin, arithmetic, geometry, history, geography and scripture, I was supposed to interest myself in their repulsive hobbies. The little devils seemed to delight in collecting newts, tadpoles and flora and fauna of all kinds. They also built and flew model aeroplanes. I didn't care much for the newts and tadpoles, but the model aeroplanes fascinated me—especially the expensive ones owned by the boys from wealthy families. One model, in particular, took my fancy: a large monoplane in red and silver. I wound it up too far one day and the rubber snapped.

"Oh, sir!" the owner wailed. "You've broken it!"

"Have I?" I replied. "Oh, well!" And I tried to cover it up. I was terribly afraid I would have to buy him a new one and, at that point, my interest in the model aeroplanes ceased, and returned to the newts and tadpoles. After all, they didn't cost much.

"Black Mark, Bentley!"

Possibly because of my own youth, I found it difficult to maintain any kind of discipline. The system at this school was to give a boy a reprimand for an initial misbehaviour; a demerit if he erred again; and a black mark, which was written out in the form of a cheque, if he persisted. I was impatient, however. During my first week, one boy committed an offence which I decided was a heinous one. I can't recall his name. Perhaps it was Bentley. Exasperated, I shouted at him: "Black mark, Bentley!" This jumping of reprimand and demerit, however, was taking things too far, and the boy complained to the headmaster, who cancelled my summary punishment.

From then on, I could command no discipline at all and, as a result, my classroom was a constant hum of backchat. Unfortunately, the headmaster's classroom was next to mine. Far too often he would come in and say: "What is the trouble, Edwards?"

"No trouble," I would pass it off. "Just something I said which the boys found amusing." He would shake his head, looking worried about it, and return to his own class.

The questions children ask in class are amazing. However much you prepare for the ordeal, they always seem to think of something that had not occurred to you, and they can tell at once when you are floundering. The best answer I found in the end was: "I'll let you know about that tomorrow." This was never convincing, and in the end I think most of these boys realized that I was not so much teaching them as directing our mutual studies along the same lines.

The Boy Who Cheated

I did manage to even the score with one boy, however. Just before a history examination, I noticed him scribbling dates on his blotting paper. I said nothing about it. The following morning, during class, I corrected the papers, and each boy was called up to stand beside me as I ran through his own. When the guilty lad came up, I gave no hint that I knew his secret and, as we went through his paper, he beamed joyously as each answer was marked correct. Then, just as I was about to give him ten out of ten, I said to him: "Boy! Go and fetch me your blotting paper!'

His face sagged. "What, sir?"

I thundered out the request once again. Of course, he brought me the blotting paper, the evidence proved his guilt, and the headmaster meted out appropriate punishment. I suppose it was a mean trick: but it was him or me.

I used to dine at the headmaster's table in his private house. Then, as now, I had a remarkable appetite, and Mrs. Hitchcock soon realized this. After a while, she took to turning to me after each course. "Mr. Edwards will finish it up, won't you, Mr. Edwards?" I did. One day, after cream had been passed round, she went farther: "Perhaps Mr. Edwards would like to lick the spoon?" The sarcasm escaped me completely. I licked the spoon.

At half-term, Mr. Hitchcock called me into his study. "I'm afraid I shall have to dispense with your services, Edwards. You are not quite the type we are looking for," he said. Thus my first job ended with me getting the sack—but I had saved £13. I felt that there was nothing to be gained by my telling him that I would have had to give notice anyway, as I was going to Cambridge in the autumn. Nevertheless, I wondered exactly why he had fired me and, after I had left, I wrote and asked him.

His reply was refreshingly frank: "Dear Edwards, You ask, 'Am I suitable for the teaching profession?' My answer is, 'No.' You cannot teach a form properly unless you have proper disciplinary control over it. . . . Possibly during your years at Cambridge you'll have time and opportunity to see some other road on which to travel through life. If you want to refer to us at any time, please do so. I shall be truthful as to my opinions about your present capabilities, but can add that we liked you here. The best of luck to you. . . ."

Jimmy's First Moustache

In October, 1938, I went up to Cambridge. My digs, run by a Miss Clifton, were in Portugal Place, and consisted of a sitting-room and a bedroom. If I wanted a bath, I had to go over to the college for it. I soon settled in, attending the fewest possible number of lectures, and looked around for ways and means to supplement my income. Despite my experiences at Walmer, I took up teaching in the choir school which was attached to St. John's College. The boys there soon realized that I was easy meat; but the job meant £20 a year to add to the £50 I got for singing in the choir.

At one stage of these early days at Cambridge, I tried to grow a moustache—my first attempt. It was, I admit, wispy, and boasted nothing of the grandeur of my present crop. When I entered the classroom with my barely visible sproutings, one of the boys, malignantly innocent, asked: "Oh, sir, what have you got on your face?"

"It's a moustache, boy! What do you think it is?" Frail as it was, I was proud of that first attempt. But not for long. The class burst into a loud peal of laughter. The trouble with schoolboys is that once they start to laugh—and see that they embarrass you—they never seem to

stop. I sacrificed the moustache, but next day its disappearance was the signal for another burst of laughter. I knew then I would never make a successful schoolmaster.

There seemed to be no disciplinary machine in this school, so I had to try to invent my own punishment. I remembered, from my St. Paul's days, how one master used to make us write out whole pages of a textbook. I also remembered what an unpleasant punishment this had been, so I decided to try it out.

All went well at first. "Write out one page of geography," I would scream, as some wretched boy threw a piece of paper at another one. "Oh, sir!" he would say in mock misery. "All right, then," I would reply, hoping to crush him for ever, "make it two pages." Unfortunately, this system defeated its own end, as, by the time term was over, each boy owed me more "impots" than he could possibly write out in a whole year.

My time at St. John's College was very much taken up with my duties as a choral scholar. I sang Evensong three times during the week, and there were two services on Sundays, not to mention the periods of practice. To make my days busier, I also joined the Union and spoke there nearly every Tuesday—a valuable outlet for my exhibitionist streak.

Brightening The Debates

At the debating society at King's College School, I had been the *bête noire* of the serious speakers with my frivolous interjections and, at first, I was equally unpopular at Cambridge. "Mr. Edwards spoke for three minutes," a critic wrote in the university journal. "He will be better when he cuts it shorter." I enjoyed the Union just the same, and after a time—and perhaps when I had improved my style a little—they grew to like me.

On one or two occasions I was even asked to make one of the opening speeches when a more lighthearted topic was under discussion. For instance, there was the perennial debate on the subject of women becoming members of the Union. The rule was—and is—that women could not become members, and had to content themselves with listening to debates from the gallery. A friend of mine, Gervase Stewart, opened his speech in favour of the women. "Mr. President, sir, I am sex-starved!" he shouted, and rushed to a radiator, jumped on it and tried to claw up the wall to the gallery. Poor Gerv was not merely a clown: he was also a poet and, before he was killed in the Fleet Air Arm, some of his work had been published.

Many well-known guests were invited to speak at the Union, and we sometimes, rather unkindly, planned to rag them. When Godfrey Winn, the writer, spoke one week, he was too clever for us, however. "As I was coming here this evening," he said, beginning his speech, "a small boy said to me, 'Penny for the guy, sir?' 'No,' I said to him, '*I* am the guy. I am being asked down to Cambridge so that they can all make fun of me.'" Thus he turned the tables on us and earned the respect which we all had for a polished speaker.

Campaign Against Politics

After a while I got rather fed up with the Union's heavy concentration on politics and hit upon a crazy idea. Political bickering in the Union was constant and, I thought, often childish. I resolved to do something about it, and so the following letter appeared in the columns of the university journal: "Dear sir, We feel that there must be a great number of undergraduates in Cambridge today who detest all this party line bickering which we witness at the Union and throughout the university; and who would welcome an opportunity to co-ordinate together in order that a firm stand may be made against political clubs in Cambridge. Many of us come up here without the least intention of attaching a political label to ourselves, and yet we find ourselves continually being asked to become allied to this or that party. And there are probably those who consider that undergraduate politics are ludicrous anyway.

"It is for these persons that C.U.N.P.A. has come into being. What is C.U.N.P.A.? It is the Cambridge University Non-Party Association. Its chief rules are: that undergraduates are only eligible for membership if they either belong to no political party in Cambridge, or belong to *every* political party in Cambridge; and that members ignore all party-political activities in Cambridge.

"It has been suggested that a nominal subscription of 6d. per term should be paid, but details of rules, regulations and activities will be discussed at a meeting in the near future. For the present, we wish to find out just how many undergraduates would be interested in helping to make this association a going concern. Those who wish to join should notify one or other of the co-presidents, who are Mr. P. K. Marks and Mr. J. O'N. Edwards."

The first meeting was attended only by Mr. P. K. Marks and myself, but I took every opportunity to recruit members for C.U.N.P.A. Perhaps I would be having a chat with some friends. "You can't afford *not* to be a member," I would say. "There are no obligations. All you do to become a member is to say you are one."

"All right, put me down," most of them would say seriously. And I would pull a dog-eared sheet of paper out of my pocket and write down their names.

Needless to say, the whole thing was a leg-pull; a kind of oblique commentary on things I didn't like about the Union. But I managed to enrol sixty or seventy members. No meetings were held by this mythical association, but I would often mention it by name in debates and, eventually, each reference would bring a chorus of groans. When the tide of public opinion was solidly aligned against the association, I let it die a natural death.

Soon after I arrived at Cambridge, I was given an old trombone by Douglas Hopkins, who at that time was sub-organist at St. Paul's Cathedral. Fired by my growing curiosity about musical instruments, I decided to find out how it worked. Laying aside the trumpet, I bought a copy of Otto Langey's *Practical Tutor For B-Flat Slide Trombone* and studied it carefully. I found a deep and fascinating satisfaction in exploring the labyrinths of Langey's multifarious and complicated exercises.

Children Gazed In Wonder

Soon, Portugal Place, which was a narrow and closed-in alley, echoed to my mournful meanderings. As I played in my tiny sitting-room, small groups of children collected underneath the window, gazing up in open-mouthed wonderment.

I was a long time getting the hang of that trombone. Some weeks after I began with it, I visited a friend of mine who had digs farther along Portugal Place. He introduced me to another undergraduate. "This is Edwards," my friend said to him. "He's learning to play the trombone."

The stranger eyed me oddly. "Yes, I've

Continued on page 30

Jimmy the undergraduate. Cambridge found him no scholar, but a star turn in the Footlights Club

Star of the Sea

by ***TRAVERS HUTCHIN***

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT JOHNSTON

He longed to see her, to sketch her—perhaps even to own her. But that was mad. How could a clerk aspire to a luxury yacht?

ASTON SHUTTLEWORTH loved yachts. Not the inexpensive sailing dinghy or the little three-ton sloop that a man of modest means might be expected to have as a hobby. Shuttleworth's passion was for big yachts—fabulously expensive vessels with every modern device to aid their navigation, with massive auxiliary engines and radar and wireless telephones.

Since he could not afford to own even one of these lovely creatures, he made himself an expert on every one of them. For years he bought every magazine on yachting and read each one with enormous care. When he had absorbed every detail of the ships described in them, he stored these magazines away in two great tea chests, which were the dominating feature of his room in the boarding house in which we were both living at that time.

Shuttleworth was then about forty. He worked as a clerk for an insurance company. As I am myself fond of yachts, we got to talking about them. He showed me his own drawings—dozens of them—done with what seemed to me all the skill of a professional draughtsman. In his holidays he went to a little fishing village and worked as an unpaid deckhand in the fishing boats that sailed from it, learning all that he could of navigation. But the idea of a boat of his own—a little boat—did not appeal to him.

He was a man content to enjoy his hobby at second-hand in the pages of a glossy magazine, rather than lower his pride in it to a practical level. He was like that in other ways. I found that he spoke French and German well, and listened for hours to foreign radio programmes. But it did not occur to him to travel abroad.

Not until that weekend visit to Ostend.

The idea came to him when he was reading an advertisement in a yachting magazine which said that Star of the Sea was for sale at a price described by the agents as "particularly interesting—executors must sell." Shuttleworth knew that Sir Lamorna Capercailzie, for whom Star of the Sea had been converted at vast cost, had died recently. Star of the Sea was one of the most famous yachts in the world, originally built as a trading schooner.

She now had two 500-horse-power diesel engines, five double and two single staterooms, six bathrooms, a huge owner's suite in the stern, a cocktail bar off her mahogany-panelled dining saloon and remarkably comfortable accommodation for her crew.

Then Shuttleworth's eye alighted on the words in the advertisement: "At present lying at Ostend, where intending purchasers may view her."

He had often thought, wistfully, of posing as

Looking up from the table, he saw Green and his companion in earnest conversation. Something in their attitude made him feel suddenly nervous

an intending purchaser of such a vessel as this. But the possibility that his masquerade might be discovered, with humiliating results, had always held him back. But Star of the Sea was at Ostend. Her caretaker was probably a Belgian, unlikely to size up an Englishman at a glance and label him "can't afford it."

Ostend was only a few hours from London. Easter was approaching and the office where Shuttleworth worked would be closed for four days.

The expense worried him slightly. He had just bought a new case of drawing instruments —a magnificent thing, eighteen inches square, covered with morocco leather and with a luxurious silk-covered padding inside. But in the end, with a sudden burst of abandon, he decided to do it. He bought a third-class ticket, packed his bag—including his drawing case; he was looking forward to drawing Star of the Sea —and on the Friday morning set off.

It was that case of instruments that led to the first worrying moment of his trip. When his bag was being examined at Dover, the Customs officer told him he might have to pay duty on the drawing set when he returned unless he could produce a receipted bill to prove that he had bought it in Britain.

Shuttleworth hadn't got the receipt; he was upset. But then, flicking over the pages of his brand new passport, the officer relented. "You'll probably be all right. Look out for me when you come back. I'll see what I can do."

Shuttleworth thanked him and hurried to the boat.

He could not get rid of the idea that he might have to pay a heavy Customs duty on his instrument case on his return—or even have it impounded—and it worried him. He gazed unhappily as the cliffs of Dover receded in the distance.

"A fine view those cliffs make," a man's voice said beside him.

Shuttleworth agreed politely but without interest. "But I never like travelling by Dover," the voice went on. "The Customs always seem so difficult there. I had an annoying argument about my wrist watch. The Customs officer said I should have to pay duty on it when I came back into England. But I *bought* it in England. It is most unreasonable."

Shuttleworth was now more interested. "I had a similar experience," he confessed. "I have a case of drawing instruments—they said the same thing to me."

His companion smiled sympathetically. He was well built, middle-aged, with a broad, sallow face and dark, well-cut hair. From his polished brown brogues to the olive-green hat that he was carrying, his clothes spoke quietly but insistently of wealth.

"The fellow told me," said Shuttleworth, "that if I see him when I return I won't have to pay duty. Is that reliable, do you think?"

"But of course. I must do the same about my watch. I had not thought of that." He appeared quite grateful, and a moment later he said: "That deserves a drink. One should always celebrate the departure of a worry."

Shuttleworth meant to say that he never drank early in the day. But somehow he didn't. His companion had such a persuasive manner.

Half an hour later they were still in the bar. Shuttleworth was enthusiastically describing the late Sir Lamorna's Star of the Sea.

"Lamorna Capercailzie," mused his new friend. "I knew him well. What a loss to the financial world his death was." He shook his head sadly as he thought of it. "You speak French and Flemish?" he went on, as if to change the conversation from so unhappy a subject.

"Oh, no, not really," said Shuttleworth modestly.

The other, not knowing Shuttleworth's self-deprecating mannerism, assumed that he meant "no" literally, and quickly offered to help him out when they arrived at Ostend. "And I shall contact the agents who are selling Sir Lamorna's yacht," he added. "Leave it to me. I am sure that Lamorna would have wished an enthusiastic yachtsman like yourself to see his boat. And you must let me arrange your hotel for you—I know one, very good but not at all expensive. I sometimes stay there myself. Leave it to me. In fact, I may join you. I would rather be in a modest hotel with a pleasant companion than in one that calls itself a palace but has dull company."

By the time that the Channel steamer was sidling into Ostend, Shuttleworth had learned that his new friend's name was Oscar Green, that Mr. Green had a very good address in London, that he was a frequent traveller to the Continent and that he had taken a great fancy to Aston Shuttleworth's company.

The hotel to which Green whisked him in a taxi was one of the smaller ones on the promenade. But it was lavishly appointed and spotlessly clean. Shuttleworth was given a room with a private bathroom—and the cost was, as Mr. Green had said, extremely moderate.

The only complaint that Shuttleworth might have made was that the bathroom, which had apparently been added as an afterthought and

The agent went on talking to him, but Shuttleworth wasn't listening. The yacht hypnotized him

His hands were on the case when the door opened. "You see," said Green, "your toys are back"

was partly built into what had once been a cupboard, had such thin plywood walls that he could hear every sound from the room next door when he was washing.

This did not, however, disturb him unduly—for Green had taken the room next door. And Shuttleworth, schooled by years of life in a boarding house, was himself as quiet as any mouse and had no fears of spoiling his neighbour's rest.

THAT evening, Green insisted on playing the host. They dined magnificently and then went on to the Casino. There, Green made his excuses and left him for a while.

"I want to talk to a business friend," he explained. "He may be able to help us about that yacht. He knew Sir Lamorna very well."

Later, as Shuttleworth was having a tiny flutter on the roulette table, he looked up and saw Green and his friend on the other side of the room. The friend was a short, dapper, middle-aged man with grey hair brushed flat at the temples. His head was bent slightly forward in concentration. Green was talking urgently. Something in their attitude made Shuttleworth nervous, but the feeling was only momentary and, when Green joined him at the table a few minutes later, it was forgotten.

"My friend, Monsieur Fevrier, says that he will be very glad to make all arrangements for you to inspect the yacht," Green announced. "We will leave it to him. Meanwhile, let us go for coffee and a cognac."

The next day was Shuttleworth's idea of paradise. In the morning, Green—who had been out before Shuttleworth was even awake—told him that everything was fixed. The agent in charge of the sale of the yacht would be waiting on the quay for him and would show him all that he wished to see.

Star of the Sea was all that he had expected. When he first saw her he could not take his eyes away.

The agent was speaking to him, explaining her virtues with eager courtesy, but he was not listening. The yacht seemed to hypnotize him. For some moments before going aboard, he stood gazing at her in silent admiration.

It was perhaps a little embarrassing that the agent seemed to think Shuttleworth was examining the vessel on behalf of Monsieur Fevrier. Fevrier, however, did not disillusion him and Shuttleworth managed to carry it off successfully enough.

Green was out when he returned to the hotel. He went to his room, got out his instrument case and paper and began to draw.

It was much later when Green quietly came into the room and found him finishing his task.

"But they are wonderful," he said as he examined the neat, workmanlike drawings. "You should design yachts as a profession. You are wasting your time on any other job, my dear Aston."

He gazed reverently at the drawings for several minutes, and then laid them down. "But you must not sit here in your room all the time. I forbid it. I am to look after you on your first visit to the Continent. I shall begin by confiscating this instrument case until your holiday is over."

He picked up the case and, with a gay smile, began putting the instruments back into it. Shuttleworth entered into the spirit of the joke, even allowing Green to march off to his own room with the case.

"It is safely locked away," Green announced on his return. "Now I have my new friend all to myself."

LATER on, they went to a concert in the Casino, and afterwards had supper and champagne. Again Green insisted on paying.

"Face the facts, my friend," he said. "I am lucky enough to have more money than you at the moment. So I pay. Perhaps some day it may be the other way round. Then you can pay. Agreed?"

After their meal they had brandy—quite a lot of brandy, it seemed to Shuttleworth. He was quite glad when it was time to go to bed.

He had been asleep for what seemed about half an hour when he awoke with a raging thirst. He went to his little bathroom for a glass of water. He opened the door quietly, afraid of disturbing Green next door. He need not have worried. Green was awake and talking volubly in French.

"My dear Fevrier, I tell you that it will be all right," he was saying. "The idea itself is a good one. It failed last time because of one little mistake. We learned our lesson from it."

"You are sure that we can get them back from him afterwards? We are putting everything into this affair. There must be no mistake."

"There will be no mistake." Green's voice, so warm and fluid when he spoke to Shuttleworth, was cold and full of menace as he added, slowly: "I have my methods of persuasion if they are needed."

Shuttleworth was standing stock still with surprise. He suddenly realized that he was eavesdropping, and began to move across the bathroom to fill his glass. But he stopped again at the next words he heard.

"Is Huskisson out yet?" Fevrier was asking.

"No. He has another two months to go," Green replied. Then he added scornfully: "You need not look so worried. The fool has no clue to what happened. All he could say in court was that he was the victim of a plot, that he had no idea there was a false bottom to the boot of his car."

Fevrier grunted. "Huskisson was a fool. Fools must pay to learn to be more alert." He said something else, softly, and Green laughed.

"You are getting nervous. Do not worry, he has been asleep for nearly an hour, full of good brandy. Anyway, he does not speak French."

Aston Shuttleworth suddenly decided that he was not so very thirsty. He went quietly back to his bed. But it was a long time before he went to sleep again.

AT breakfast next day, Green was fresh and hearty. "I want you to see some of this beautiful country, my dear Aston," he said. His brown eyes were full of benevolence. "I have found that a friend of mine is sending his chauffeur in his car to collect some documents in Brussels. We should be delighted if you would make use of the car to see Brussels, and to visit Bruges and Ghent on the way."

"But I can't take advantage of your friend's kindness——"

Green did not let him finish. "Of course you must," he insisted. "It is no trouble. The car is going, anyway. A few miles extra for some sightseeing will make no difference."

Within an hour, despite his protests, he was driving along the flat roads of Flanders, seated beside a uniformed chauffeur in the biggest American car he had ever seen. He had a delightful day. The driver spoke excellent English and was a most efficient guide. He was a mine of information—on every subject except one. He never mentioned his employer's name; but Shuttleworth noticed the letter "F" in gold on the door of the car.

It was a long day and a tiring one, and on the way back Shuttleworth wondered uneasily what else had been arranged for him. For, certainly, the day's trip had been arranged. The name Huskisson came repeatedly into his mind. It was familiar, it should ring a bell of warning. But no bells rang.

When he got back to his room in the hotel, he saw his case of drawing instruments on the dressing table. He went over to it. His hands were on the case when the door suddenly opened.

"Ah, you see, your toys are back," Green's voice said from the doorway. He had appeared so quickly it was obvious that he must have been watching for Shuttleworth's return. And in that moment something came over Shuttleworth, a sudden feeling of wild abandon. Green was using him as a pawn; that much was obvious. It was time he took a hand in things himself. He had no idea what he should do. On the spur of the moment, he invited Green

Continued on page 24

Eskimo women. If a husband is killed by another man, the widow often moves into the murderer's igloo. In her view, the smarter man has won

I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS (5) by ROGER BULIARD

MURDER AND WIFE-SHARING IN THE UNTAMED LAND

Sometimes they kill for fun but more often for women. As an alternative, they have an idyllic Arctic design for living

MURDER IS COMMON and simple among the Eskimos who have been my parishioners at my Arctic mission for more than fifteen years. They murder for gain, for women, because they are frightened or angry, or just for no good reason at all—almost, it would seem, for the fun of the thing, the way Europeans may fish or kill game.

What reason, for example, had Inoak for killing his younger brother? They lived together, hunted together and seemed to be doing well. Neither had a wife for the other to covet, or possessions he might want. They were equal in all things. Nevertheless, one day they went out to the trap line they ran together, and when Inoak returned he was alone. At least, he was alone in one sense: his brother's body was on the sledge, already sewn up in a skin. Without comment, the corpse was carried to the top of a nearby hill and left to be consumed by animals. A few months later a police patrol came round. "Say, Inoak," a constable asked, "how did that brother of yours die?"

"Oh," said Inoak. "Very suddenly."

"What did he die of?"

"I wouldn't know a complicated thing like that, being only an Eskimo," said Inoak.

All the Eskimos listening to the interchange nodded vigorously. Of course, a blow on the head with an axe would help a man to die suddenly, and many of those listening to Inoak and the policeman had seen the poor, bashed-in head. Nobody said a word, naturally. It is not their way to interfere in private matters.

I knew the facts perfectly well, and later on I could not resist the temptation to ask one of my old Eskimo friends what kind of sickness he thought it was that Inoak's brother had died of. The poor fellow stared at the snow, scuffed it with his foot and hesitated for a long time. I could follow his line of reasoning as easily as if he had been thinking aloud. "*Aie!* The Father knows, of course," he reasoned. "I cannot get away with a lie. On the other hand, I cannot betray my people."

Then he hit on the perfect Eskimo answer, an oblique statement of the truth. "Well, you see," he explained patiently, "the poor fellow! The bone in his forehead grew too soft, and he died."

Two of our husky dogs will fight desperately over a bone, and when the fight is over placidly

Continued on page 28

Chris Mayhew, TV's fireside diplomat

by WILFRED GREATOREX

By smooth talking and calculated risk-taking, he mixes politics with television—and manages to be candid without giving offence

OUTSIDE ALEXANDRA PALACE a television film unit was shooting a murder scene for *Those In Favour*, a play about a Soviet delegate to the United Nations suspected by his countrymen of disloyalty. The author, a lean and craggy-faced young diplomat named Christopher Mayhew, insisted on playing one part himself—the driver-assassin who, according to the script, "reverses at speed between two parked cars to crush Volodarsky against a wall."

To make the setting less like North London and more like Lake Success, Mayhew had persuaded the United States Embassy to send several new American limousines as "props." These were put in place and Mayhew started up his own Standard Vanguard. He shot back fast, but on the wrong track—and went full tilt into one of the American loans.

"It was very tricky," recalls an onlooker. "While we were all worrying about the effect it would have on the future of the North Atlantic Alliance, Mayhew jumped out, weighed up the damage and then went over to the group of Americans. He apologized with great charm and said the B.B.C. would see to the repairs. In no time the Americans were all smiles."

Mayhew tried the run-in a second time. An actor called Arthur Young, playing Volodarsky, had to flatten himself against a wall and scream as the car came at him. Mayhew got up speed and braked hard. "He stopped inches short of Young," says a technician. "Arthur's a fine actor, but most of us thought his screams had a genuine ring."

By such calculated risk-taking and international smooth-talking as this, Christopher Paget Mayhew, M.P. for East Woolwich, foreign affairs expert, member of His late Majesty's Government and former British delegate to the United Nations, mixes political and diplomatic business with television to his own profit and the satisfaction of several million viewers of most parties and of none.

He Loves An Argument

Two and a half years of taking open diplomacy to the hearth have made him a star with the sort of following only compères and comedians usually win. In the process he has become, in the words of a Parliamentary colleague, "the whitest-headed boy at Westminster."

An impetuous lover of argument of thirty-seven and six-foot-one, with a jutting jaw and vivid eyes, Mayhew has risen to the rôle of political referee through nearly thirty full-scale programmes under the titles of *International Commentary* and *World Survey*. It all began one Friday afternoon in August, 1950. A long newsreel story showing a United Nations debate on Korea reached Alexandra Palace—but nobody could make head or tail of it. It was projected several times without becoming any clearer. Then a producer, Grace Wyndham-Goldie, was asked to make a twenty-minute programme of it.

"It wasn't the job for a professional commentator," she recalls. "We needed someone who really knew the United Nations."

Mayhew was an ex-M.P. at the time, having lost his seat at South Norfolk some months before. Though he had no television or film experience he jumped at the chance when Grace Wyndham-Goldie telephoned; throughout the weekend he worked in the studio on a diet of bread and cheese brought in on trays. By Monday afternoon the programme was edited and scripted, and by Monday night Mayhew was established, says one B.B.C. executive, as a natural performer.

Given his own series, *International Commentary*, he developed what a critic described as "a great talent for seeing a subject from several angles at once." This technique he has kept up ever since. A few weeks ago he appeared between a coloured South African woman and a representative of the Malan Government, and during a survey of the East-West conflict he put through long-distance calls to an American commentator in Washington and a British Communist journalist in Prague.

Skating On Thin Ice

"Chris goes looking for the troubles that most of us prefer to keep away from," says a friend. "Then he sets them up for all to see. Nobody ever skated more skilfully on thin ice in public."

In South Africa, some months ago, Mayhew's pugnacious intellectualism was noticed when he ignored a warning that it was dangerous to go among hundreds of anti-white natives who were digging up illicit liquor on a stretch of waste land. "It was a bit delicate," he admitted afterwards, "because most of them were steadily getting half-seas under. But we needed the facts." During this visit he interviewed Dr. Eiselen, author of *Apartheid*, and told him: "If I lived here I'd probably spend more time in jail than out."

Usually, however, Mayhew keeps his own opinions in the background. "It's my job to get facts and other people's points of view." To do this he leans heavily on the experience and contacts he gained from 1946 to 1950, when he was Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. With a programme on hand he meets or telephones friends and acquaintances from the Foreign Office, the Royal Institute of International Affairs (where he does much of his research) and foreign embassies, and dines with diplomats, politicians, ambassadors to the Court of St. James's and foreign correspondents.

Now and then he meets them at diplomatic parties in his white-fronted Georgian house in Kensington. People taking part in his programmes are often invited to talk things over beforehand in a committee room at Broadcasting House, where Mayhew warns them of the forthright interrogation to come. "He puts the ruthless question in such a charming way," says Grace Wyndham-Goldie, "that no one can feel hurt."

Mayhew gets his way by ruthless charm.

Mayhew goes to great extremes to get the programme he wants. When a film sequence ordered from New York recently failed to turn up on time he told the producer: "We should send a Comet for it."

He is so particular about having everything just so that he is careless about deadlines. His scripts often fail to arrive on the appointed day, and he has a habit of insisting on last-minute changes which, says one studio hand, confuse everyone but the writer. Twenty-four hours before one *World Survey*, Mayhew decided to rewrite the entire script. This dallying occasionally brings on what Mayhew calls "fierce and prolonged but never acrimonious arguments" with the producer. "But not even his political opponents can get really angry with him," says an acquaintance.

TV Won Him The Votes

In the two elections he fought in 1951—a by-election in June and the General Election in October—Mayhew was known to voters as much for his screen appearances as for his work at Lake Success and Geneva. "He would have got in without television," claims his agent, John S. Keys, "but there's no doubt it helped him."

Once Mayhew was addressing a meeting outside Woolwich Arsenal when a policeman came across the road towards them. "We thought he was going to move us on for obstruction," says Keys. "But he was one of Chris's television fans, and only wanted to shake his hand."

Christopher Mayhew was born in London on June 12, 1915, eldest child of Sir Basil Mayhew, an accountant and businessman who told him at the last General Election: "You are the only Socialist I want to see elected, my boy!" Educated at Haileybury and Christ Church, Oxford, Mayhew played rugby for the

He tries it on the Gold Coast's Larbi Odam

The Mayhew wedding. She was a career diplomat. Now her tact copes with his absent-mindedness

university, acquired a golf handicap of six, did well as a tennis player and marksman (he once won a prize at Bisley), shone at economics and got into politics.

At no cost to himself he toured most of Europe and visited Russia and America, mainly as a debater with the Oxford Union and once as a secretary. He was in Czechoslovakia at the time of Munich and, on his return, made more than a hundred speeches attacking the settlement. By the end of 1938, at twenty-three, he was Labour candidate for the Conservative stronghold of South Norfolk.

Night In No-man's-land

No chance came to get into Parliament, but in September, 1939, he was shipped to France as a field gunner with the British Expeditionary Force—"the worst-trained soldier Britain ever sent abroad." A year later he was commissioned in the Intelligence Corps and, when the invasion began, became an infiltrator, with the job of smuggling secret agents through the German lines on dark nights. In Holland he once rowed two Dutch agents across a swollen river, delivered them into no-man's-land, then rowed back. "Of all my charges only one failed to survive," he recalls. "He died of pneumonia."

Mayhew was still interested in foreign affairs when he came home for the 1945 General Election. His opponents had split into two groups. "It was a candidate's dream," he says. "I would have got in even if I'd been bedridden." He was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and his first assignment was to represent the Government at a lunch given by the Anglo-Uruguayan Society to commemorate the Battle of the River Plate. Handed a manuscript by a Foreign Office official, Mayhew read it through, thought it too flowery, and decided to memorize the better parts while improvising the rest. "The whole thing was a complete flop," he recalls. To cap it, he ended by offering the Uruguayans the toast of Paraguay.

This incident did not hinder Mayhew. Soon he was sitting-in at Cabinet meetings for the ailing Bevin and attending the United Nations. "It was rather overwhelming at first," he says. "But I quickly grew a tough skin." His talent for digging-out facts unpalatable to the Russians—he was the first to raise the question of Soviet slave-labour camps—made him the target for a succession of attacks from Communist delegates.

Once he sat tight-lipped while a Russian told the United Nations of "Britain's decadence and dependence on America." When the Russian finished, Mayhew impulsively retaliated by giving an unrehearsed progress report on Britain.

In the process he also gave an impression that the country was on its feet—a revelation that was seized on by several U.S. politicians in Congress, which at that very moment was reviewing the next instalment of Marshall Aid. Cables flew. M.P.s criticized the British delegate. Newspapers joined in. The Prime Minister and Ernest Bevin, then Foreign Secretary, were, in Mayhew's words, very kind and friendly about it. "But I spent a morose weekend in my hotel room calculating how many dollars my speech might cost Britain. It worked out at one and a half million per word."

Nine-day Courtship

Britain got her quota of Aid. Nearly a year later, though, at Geneva, Mayhew was brusquely reminded of his slip by Amazasp Arutiunian, Soviet delegate to the Economic Commission for Europe. Mayhew was reported to have reddened at the jibe, but he claims that he was far too busy at the time to be angry.

He had met an attractive dark-haired diplomat of promise, Cicely Ludlam. "In nine days," he says, "I made four speeches, went to seven diplomatic parties, met Cicely, pursued her, proposed and was accepted."

Arutiunian, who knew Miss Ludlam, heard of the romance at a party. "At long last," the Russian remarked, "the British delegate has made a proposal for which I can vote with my whole heart." Cicely Mayhew was all set to become Britain's first ambassadress, say friends, when she threw up her career. "If women diplomats fall as easily as that," observed Mayhew once, "it shows how precarious is the Foreign Office hold over them."

Today the Mayhews have an eighteen-month-old son, David. Cicely is not cut off from foreign affairs, often meeting and sometimes acting as hostess to her husband's diplomatic friends. On those occasions, she has to be tactful, for Mayhew is absent-minded. A few months ago, he invited the wrong ambassador to a party. In the Commons, Mayhew speaks often in foreign affairs debates. "He usually gets very involved," says a fellow-M.P., "and his speeches are woolly. It's surprising how confused he is in the House and how clear on television."

"Let Them Switch Off"

In rehearsals Mayhew is frequently warned by Grace Wyndham-Goldie that he is getting too deep for some people. After one such criticism recently he retorted: "Let them switch off. I'm not going to bore the people I'm aiming at."

He was even more demonstrative when he walked out of the première of the film *Quo Vadis*, because, he said, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had, like Nero, deliberately created spectacles of extreme cruelty and violence for popular enjoyment. Mayhew's one-man stand came in for criticism. "For once," says a friend, "Chris had broken his own golden rule about being candid without giving offence."

Only once in recent years has Mayhew been silenced by vigorous protest. Returning to Britain in the Queen Elizabeth he was singing in his cabin—he fancies himself as a baritone and was smuggled one night into the Royal Philharmonic Choir—when there was a loud thump on the door.

"I shut up," Mayhew recalls, "thinking it was a Philistine. In fact, it was Sir Osbert Sitwell."

THE END

Lovers in wailing

by ***TERENCE O'BRIEN***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

As long as her uncle lived he would stand between them. They could only wait—and pray something would happen

THAT MORNING, with the trade wind stilled, the heat seemed to close on the plantation with a merciless pressure. Stanley Mailer had sensed it even before sunrise, when he had been down at the labour lines assigning the Melanesian workers their tasks for the day. And now, as he came out to the front of the bungalow again after breakfast, the sun was blazing clear above the palms on the eastern point of the island. His eyes winced from the impact.

The water of the Pacific in the anchorage lay like a slab of cobalt glass and the coral path along the foreshore was blinding white as molten metal. Dressed only in shorts and sandals, his lean young body already gleamed with sweat. His last day of work promised to be one of the really bad days, he reflected grimly.

As he strode along the path towards the copra drier, a Melanesian boy came across from the little wharf to intercept him. Stanley slackened his pace, flicking irritably at a copra bug that was hovering like a glare-spot before his eyes.

"I have finished them, Mr. Mailer," the boy said. He was holding out the diving goggles he had made for Marie. She was the niece of Haydn-Davies, the manager of the plantation, and the boy had been working on the carving for weeks. They were to be a surprise for her, and Stanley had been in the secret from the beginning.

"All right, all right, Bimbi," he said, a little impatiently now. "Another time."

"Me sorry too much," Bimbi answered quickly, instantly reverting to pidgin-English at this curtness.

As he drew back, his purplish-black figure hunched in tender contraction from the rebuff, Stanley felt a quick start of remorse.

"I'm sorry, Bimbi. Show them to me."

Holding the goggles in his hand, running his sweat-damp fingers over the smoothed ebony surface, he reflected fleetingly on the long hours of leisure the boy had spent on the task. Ebony was a difficult wood to work. Yet they were beautifully finished, even to the bevelling of the tiny holes for the cord. But it was impossible to be concerned about such trivialities at the moment.

"They're beautiful, Bimbi," he said as he handed them back. "But better not give them to her today. Leave it till I've gone, eh?"

"But it is good to give a present now. It will make her happy."

"Maybe, Bimbi. But——" He shook his head, irritated by the sheer need of explaining further. With the whole island in the heat, it seemed to him that the tension between himself and Haydn-Davies had acquired a palpable essence. It was as if the aggressive little manager blazed hatred. Surely the boy knew it. He wasn't a fool.

At that moment, Haydn-Davies himself suddenly appeared around the frangipane tree at the corner of the copra shed. Dressed in starched slacks and shirt and purple bow-tie, topee square on his head, the small neat figure strode purposefully towards them, with his walking-stick held firmly clear of the ground.

"What do you think you're doing here?" he snapped at Bimbi.

"He came to see me," Stanley interrupted.

"I've told you before, Mailer, speak when you're spoken to. For three days, till the steamer comes, you're still my employee. Till then, you'll do what I say. Understand?"

"And I've told you—I'll say what I want to, when I want to."

"Not now, you won't." Haydn-Davies jerked out his arm. "You're finished work. From this moment. Get back to your bloody bungalow. Right now."

STANLEY remained motionless. Head lowered, he stared steadily at the hated, gingery face. Awed by the taut silence between the two whites, Bimbi began to edge away, his bare feet groping softly for the grass verge.

Then came a violent interruption. From eighty feet above, a nut hurtled down at the path. The seven-pound weight hissed through the still air with a malignant force that shattered a small curbstone of coral into splashing fragments.

The men started and drew back instantly. Bimbi, quick to take advantage of the distraction, turned towards the beach. For a moment Stanley watched his retreat, then he himself swung round abruptly and started back for his bungalow, leaving the dapper little manager alone in mastery on the path.

During these last two weeks, ever since he had been dismissed, the bitterness between himself and Haydn-Davies had accumulated with an impetus that seemed to threaten his very sanity.

Up till the time of that decisive clash, Stanley had felt secure in his restraint. Whether their differences had been about marriage to Marie or Haydn-Davies's brutal treatment of the natives, a definite purpose had always held him calm.

The little man strode over to the bungalow, his

"The next time you use your fists on a native," he had told the manager, "I'll report you to the district officer."

And so he had. When Haydn-Davies subsequently thrashed Bimbi, Stanley had made an official charge to the district officer. Haydn-Davies had been fined, and Stanley had been sacked immediately—as he expected.

But two weeks had remained until the steamer was due, and Haydn-Davies made full use of this interim. He was sixty years of age, head and shoulders smaller than his assistant, and Stanley had no answer to his determined aggressiveness. Haydn-Davies missed no opportunity

face quivering with anger. Marie gave him one cool glance, then turned back to Stanley. "I've told you to keep away from here!" her uncle shouted

to provoke him, and it was through his niece that he came closest to success.

She was just coming up the back steps of Stanley's bungalow when he returned. At the sight of her, his face suddenly cleared. The bungalow shivered on its piles as he strode quickly down the open hallway.

"I've just had a session with Uncle Charles," Marie greeted him.

"Oh, Lord, darling! I told you to keep out of it. You'll only make hell for yourself after I've gone."

She said quickly: "It wasn't about you this time—at least, not directly."

Watching her as she led the way into his open living-room, he felt bitter at his helplessness to prevent her being drawn into the vicious little feud.

Though it was she who had always been the subtle schemer of their future and he who had bungled everything by that action over Bimbi, she seemed so delicately fragile, so helpless.

MARIE stood in the centre of the room and started to explain what had happened. And the moment she looked at him, brown eyes grave in her dark and charming little face, etched bow of her lips so seriously held, all his bitterness of the morning was suddenly dissipated by the surge of his affection.

"I spoke to him about my money," she said. "The actual legacy, I mean. I told him that I wanted it to buy the lease of Tiliana."

"But I've told you that's out. We don't want any charity from him."

"It's not charity. It's my money. Just as much as half this place is mine. But anyway, he won't let me have the legacy even. He's sticking to the limit of Daddy's will. Until I'm twenty-five. Two years, Stanley!"

"I'll do this my way, darling. Without touching that money. It'll be all right, you'll see."

His self-confidence was all the more vehement for the doubts that harassed him. Haydn-Davies had been in the islands more than forty years and his influence was considerable. After his dismissal, Stanley had found that plantation

THE TERRIBLE RIDE OF COLONEL TESSIER

by GERALD KERSH

A JOHN BULL STORY SPECIAL—COMPLETE IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

vacancies had suddenly ceased to exist. Then, last week, had come the offer of the lease of Tiliana plantation. It was the perfect answer. The price was beyond his resources, naturally enough, but backing from the trading company should have been straightforward. Haydn-Davies had been thorough, however.

"I'm sorry, Mailer," the manager of the store said, fatly hypocritical. "I just can't take the risk."

There were plenty of other islands in the Pacific, of course, and plenty of plantations on them, but Stanley was beginning to feel troubled and cornered by the extent of the manager's powerful influence. Haydn-Davies had friends throughout the Pacific and his vindictiveness was matched by his energy. He had frustrated Stanley's every effort to date. And one aim he had certainly achieved. Marriage to Marie would have to be delayed at least until a home was found and he had made a little money. That now seemed as if it might take a long time against such insidious opposition.

"It's my money," Marie said firmly, still determined in her purpose. "He's not going to stop me using it as I wish."

"You're not to fight him, darling. I keep telling you, you'll only make it unpleasant for yourself after I've gone. Leave this to me. It's my fight."

"It's mine, too," she answered fiercely. "I'll have no life until I do come to you. I'm going to talk to Johns when he comes today."

"But what for? What the hell can a district officer do about that sort of thing? Please leave this to me—for God's sake!" He controlled himself with some difficulty. Everything irritated him today. "I'm sorry," he said. "Please don't interfere, dearest. I know what I'm doing."

"I'm sorry, too, Stanley. But this is one thing I'm going to settle myself."

He looked so impatient and irritable in the face of her persistence that she had a sudden impulse to yield. Instead, and to stop his mouth, she put her arms round him and kissed him. And in the dark duration of the kiss she forgot once more for a few blind, delicious moments the ever-present pain of their approaching separation.

HAYDN-DAVIES was standing outside the copra drier, about a hundred yards away. When he saw the two of them come out on to the front veranda, his face quivered with anger and irritation.

He strode over to the bungalow, his anger inflamed by their deliberate show of indifference to his approach.

Marie gave him one cool glance, then turned back to Stanley.

"I've told you to keep away from here!" he shouted at her, as she finally came down the steps.

"Yes," she said. "I know." She turned to Stanley, standing above her on the edge of the veranda. "I'll see you later on, darling."

"I'll be waiting."

Haydn-Davies remained there as she walked along the path. He did not look in her direction. His gaze was fixed on Stanley above him on the veranda, and his small gingery face still quivered under the shade of his topee. His walking-stick suddenly began to tap rapidly on the steps.

"If I find my niece here again, Mailer," he said sharply, "I'll get the district officer to remove you from the island."

"On what grounds?"

"I'll find some."

"You can swing a lot of things up here, but you won't get away with that. I'm here for three more days—till the steamer comes. And there's damn-all you can do about it."

"You're here so long as I let you stay. If I want to, I can kick you off the island. And, by God, I will, too, if I have any more trouble."

"Why don't you try?" Stanley snapped.

Haydn-Davies moved quickly up the steps, stick held forward like a sword. Motionless, Stanley waited. He knew that the inevitable challenge would now follow. It was always the same.

"I don't shelter behind my age, Mailer. Go on! Start something. I'm ready."

In the breathless heat, with the sun crashing down darkly over his brows, Stanley was unable to look at that raddled little face an instant longer. The temptation tore at his control. The effort of restraint was more than he could bear. He turned sharply and strode back down the open hallway.

THE day wore on. By four thirty, when work ended, the island seemed to have become a block of static heat. Bimbi, still fondling the diving glasses, was squatting on the beach near the dinghy, watching the ponderous steamy approach of a wide grey squall when, within a few hundred yards of the foreshore, the curtain of rain was split by the powerful heat from the land, and it then began to pass slowly on either side of the island.

Through this widening gap, as if on a stage, the district officer's schooner came heading in for the anchorage. Bimbi tucked the goggles into his calico and stood up. As he moved across to haul the dinghy into the water, Stanley came down on the narrow little beach.

"I'll go with you, Bimbi."

"Will she be coming?" Bimbi asked, not yet entirely resigned to delaying his gift.

"Perhaps later. I'm sorry about the goggles, Bimbi. But she'll like them all the more next week."

Johns, the district officer, a lanky figure in shorts, was standing beside the helm as Stanley climbed over the stern rail.

"What happened with the commissioner?" Stanley asked.

"No go, I'm afraid. He says Haydn-Davies is still the manager. The fact that Marie also owns half the place doesn't enter into it. He said he wouldn't dream of interfering in such a matter. For other reasons, in any event."

"What other reasons?"

"He says you're a nuisance-maker, and the group will be the better without you. He doesn't like you much."

"What about wrongful dismissal then—being sacked because I reported Haydn-Davies's brutality? What did he say about that?"

"Don't be silly, Stanley! After all, he and Haydn-Davies are friends. I can't go charging in and abusing Haydn-Davies to the Old Man. It's as much as my job's worth. I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do about it."

Bimbi helped him down into the dinghy and Stanley followed. As district officer, Johns had certain duties to perform on his visit. He had to inspect the native quarters, approve and countersign the new recruits' contracts and collect the copra returns. The work would take a couple of hours.

"Better come and have dinner with me on board, old boy," he said as he stepped ashore. "I've got some whisky that might drown your sorrows."

STANLEY returned to his bungalow to continue his packing. He was morose and irritable as he sorted through his heavy clothing, all sheened with mould from the damp. Dusk brought no relief from the oppressive heat, and a moment after he had taken his shower he was clammy with sweat again.

He went down to the beach just after six o'clock. Sour and silent, he remained standing in the dinghy when Bimbi rowed him over to the schooner, about fifty yards off shore.

Bimbi tied the dinghy to the stern and waited while the two men talked. He kept looking up at Stanley, who was moving restlessly about the deck and ranting bitterly about Haydn-Davies's influence.

Bimbi was distressed to hear this tirade. Mr. Mailer was his friend. He had been a kind and generous friend. And his bitter unhappiness now roused Bimbi to sullen resentment.

A torch began to swing through the dark lines of the palms. Bimbi started up, then looked directly towards the light. A moment later, he pulled across to the beach.

"What are you doing here, Bimbi?" Marie asked, as she stepped into the boat. "You needn't be working now. The schooner has a dinghy."

"It is all right," Bimbi answered quietly. "I like to stay."

She smiled, and ruffled the wiry black mass of his hair.

As the dinghy swished across the dark water to the schooner, she said: "You go off. We'll get back all right."

"I will wait."

Stanley lifted her up over the railing. For a moment afterwards he held her in his arms and Johns grinned at them when they finally broke apart.

"Go ahead. Don't mind me."

Marie stepped away from the railing. She said to Johns: "I wanted to talk to you. I couldn't in the bungalow with him there."

"Go ahead," Johns said.

"Daddy left me some cash—besides a half share in this place. Not a lot, but enough to buy that lease of Tiliana. The money was left on trust until I'm twenty-five. I want it now, to buy that lease. Uncle Charles refuses."

"He's the sole trustee?"

"Yes."

Johns shook his head slowly, silent for a

Continued on page 27

In her office, Mrs. Ethel Sugden (centre), secretary of the Liverpool Vigilance Association, gives advice

Mrs. Blyth guards the innocents abroad

by DON EVERITT

On her dawn patrol of dockland, she first looks for the girl whose head has been turned by the glamour of travel

AS USUAL, MRS. BLYTH was up at ten past five, and by six o'clock she was on her way to work. This was the hour at which Liverpool's charwomen were setting out to "do" their offices and shops, and for all the world she might have been one of them. Her dark brown hair was done in the simplest of styles, her voice had a businesslike Liverpool twang, and she was plainly dressed in a close-fitting blue bonnet, a belted gaberdine raincoat, lisle stockings and low-heeled black shoes. She laughed at one of the bus conductor's quips, humour in her round face and sparkling eyes, and when she stepped off the bus her figure, thickened by middle age, exuded cheerfulness.

But there the resemblance ended. Mrs. Blyth's working day began, not in an office, but on the landing stage and docks on the Mersey, and her equipment was tact, common sense and a strong determination to put moral principles to practical use. When she got down to the landing stage she fixed in her lapel a red, white, yellow and blue badge, identifying herself as a port and station worker of the Liverpool Vigilance Association. Then, as the Dublin steamer came alongside, she was ready to begin her daily duties of preventing the exploitation of women and children and of helping travellers and strangers in difficulties.

As soon as the steamer berthed, Mrs. Blyth went on board. She mingled with the passengers, her sharp eyes keeping watch for girls who looked unsure of themselves, or who were with dubious companions. Politely, she asked a lone elderly woman if she needed any assistance. She reassured a teenager whose clothes betrayed her country background, and made certain that she had some money, her ticket, and knew her destination. Then she saw a girl who drew her attention more forcefully. Attractive, raven-haired and about seventeen years old, she was talking to three men. Mrs. Blyth went over.

The girl, airily answering her gently searching questions, said that she had originally been going to a job in London. Now, however, she wanted to go to the Isle of Man, and was anxious to know if she could change her ticket. Mrs. Blyth asked for the reason, pointing out that she was responsible for the safe passage through Liverpool of all girls who left Ireland under the surveillance of the International Catholic Girls' Society. The girl said that her three male companions worked on the island and had told her that there was plenty of work there. Furthermore, she had run out of money and they had offered to look after her in the meantime.

High Time For Action

Mrs. Blyth thought quickly. She had to play for time. She still had many passengers to look over, but she had to put these four in a place where she could get at them again. She decided to send them to Lime Street Station. Though she knew that the girl's ticket could not be changed, she told her that the only person who might help was the stationmaster. She knew also that the stationmaster did not arrive in his office until nine thirty—in two and a half hours' time.

About fifteen minutes later, while moving about among the rest of the passengers, Mrs. Blyth spoke to two girls who were bound for the same address in London as the other girl. One of them said belligerently that the girl had taken her coat. Mrs. Blyth decided it was high time to straighten out the situation.

At Lime Street she found the quartet waiting hopefully. After the girl had returned the coat, Mrs. Blyth got to work on the young men. By putting a wealth of expression into her face and voice and by using a lot of vague phrases—"big responsibility, don't know what you're letting yourselves in for"—she quickly discouraged them. Glancing dubiously at each other, they told the girl that while she was changing her ticket they would go for a stroll.

Having paused for a breath of relief, Mrs. Blyth then set to work to persuade the girl to go on to London. When the three young men did not return after a further fifteen minutes, the girl gave in.

Mrs. Blyth went to find her two companions, only to discover that they now refused to have anything more to do with the girl. She put them on a train and returned to the spot where she had left the girl. To her astonishment, she found her talking to two more men. The girl ran up to her. "I've met my uncle," she said. "He was on the boat last night. He'll look after me." Mrs. Blyth walked up to the man. He was an Irish labourer of about thirty. It required only a small dose of her "big responsibility" technique to get rid of him. At last she waved the girl off on the train, having given her five shillings to help her to reach her destination.

Why Girls Need Watching

That was not the end of the incident. The Vigilance Association gets allied moral welfare organizations to follow the activities of all the girls who are helped and, in cases like this, gets in touch with parents and local priests. From Dublin came conflicting information: the parents said that all had been well; the priest wrote that the girl had been missing from home for three days. From London came the news that she was happily placed in a job.

"There is a reasonable chance," says Mrs. Blyth, "that she will have settled down. She has security and social responsibility again. While she was travelling she was insecure, and

Continued on page 26

The Singer, not the Song

by AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Malo was on the run. He was finished now, and he knew it. But hatred still burnt within him. If he went down, then the priest would go down with him

ANACLETO COMACHI, known as Malo—"the Bad One"—had driven Father Keogh out of Quantana. To all appearances, the young priest had been humiliated and disgraced beyond recall. He had forsworn his vows of chastity. He was going to marry Locha de Cortinez, a girl who had lost her reputation, and whose father had disowned her.

Malo knew that Locha, the daughter of Quantana's leading citizen, had loved Father Keogh since childhood. As she grew up, the girl had fought her feelings, had even planned to marry her American cousin, Dyke Brown. Malo knew, too, that Father Keogh would never let himself feel anything more than tender friendship for Locha.

Malo's campaign for destroying the priest seemed flawless. He threatened Locha that she must pretend to be his mistress—or Father Keogh would be murdered "accidentally." Then, smiling, he explained his plan to the priest. Unless Father Keogh publicly married her, it would be easy enough to arrange for Locha to die, leaving a "suicide note" revealing her passion for the priest.

The wedding was arranged outside the town. A mock procession escorted Locha and Father Keogh, collarless, in a wretched cart. The priest's ruin seemed complete. . . .

But when the cart reached the appointed wedding place, a car was waiting. Dyke Brown was at the wheel. He had been hastily summoned

by Sam Frankenson, Father Keogh's friend. While the priest energetically beat off his guards, Locha was driven away to safety.

Then Father Keogh put on his Roman collar again. He was a priest once more. He was going back to his parish.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Father Keogh Comes Home

YOUNG ALEJO the goatherd was the first to see the cart. He was on his way up the brown path to the mountain, his flock bobbing before him. He turned to shield his eyes. On the road below him the cart moved slowly. The sun struck Father Keogh's black hair and the white Roman collar round his neck. The Jeep, his crippled figure twisted at a grotesque angle, sat with his arms above his head.

Young Alejo went racing down the mountain side, his brown legs flying, his sandals kicking stones. He cannoned into Don Timoteo.

The old man took his shoulders. "Now then, young one, here's a fine thing. What would your father say?"

Alejo gabbled out his news ". . . . and I saw his white collar—he's come back a priest. I saw the white collar. He wears it again!" Alejo made circles round his own neck with a quick brown hand. "And, Don Timoteo, Porfirio is driving, and The Jeep has his hands up. Perhaps the padre has a gun. The Jeep has his hands right over his head. The padre has beaten them. Isn't it fine?"

When Father Keogh reached the edge of the town, he was greeted by a sea of faces. The crowd burst into cheers at the sight of the cart. The Jeep—still with his arms raised to try and stop his nose bleeding—and Porfirio were surrounded.

Father Keogh could never forget the cheers nor the hands that stretched out to him nor the tears that were shed for him.

The chief of police fought his way to the side of the cart. "Well, Father, you have some explaining to do."

He took the reins from Porfirio. He gave the man a push and knocked him out of the cart. Porfirio fell into a collection of upstretched arms that immediately tossed him up again. A chorus of voices sang, "What a fine baby!"

The chief of police put one big hand on the back of The Jeep's collar and dropped him without comment into the waiting arms. The cripple rose high in the air.

Father Keogh was alarmed. "*Jefe*—they'll lynch them, won't they?"

"No, no," said the *jefe*. "They are good-natured. It's a happy day for them. They will throw them about, that's all."

Father Keogh watched anxiously as Porfirio and the little Jeep were hurled across the crowd.

It was impossible to talk within the cart for the noise of the people who marched beside it. So many people had climbed into it that Father Keogh and the *jefe* were in danger of falling out. No less than four men had their arms round Father Keogh to protect him from such a fate. They grinned into his face and slapped his back. And shouted into his ears simultaneously, "I was the only one to say that you would be coming back."

"It was me who said you and the *jefe* were up to something."

"This is the answer to my own special prayers."

It took them over twenty minutes to reach the police station. Father Keogh shielded his eyes. He saw Porfirio and The Jeep pitched backwards and forwards. Outside Porfirio's bar the crowd took aim. It hurled the two men through the doorway as if it had been a goal.

Father Keogh himself was lifted down from the cart and placed gently inside the police station.

The *jefe* closed the door, sat down and mopped his face. Then he said, "Well, Father?"

Father Keogh told his tale. The *jefe* lit a cigar and kept quiet eyes on him. When he had finished he said, "And now that this fool of a girl has gone, you will not refuse to testify?"

Father Keogh sighed, "No, I suppose not."

The *jefe* leant over and picked up a pad. He wrote vigorously on it himself. Outside on the Plaza the crowd was preparing to celebrate the Day-of-the-Holy-Father's-Second-Winnings. The *jefe* observed as he wrote, "I have always disliked the young."

Father Keogh turned back from the window. He asked, puzzled, "What's all this got to do with the young?"

The *jefe* looked up and shouted at him, "All this is entirely to do with the young. That fool of a girl and her passion for you—a passion at that age is just self-importance—think where it might have landed us!"

Father Keogh smiled at him, "What beats in the place of policemen's hearts?"

THE *jefe* banged down his pencil. "All right—so she falls for a priest! She can't have him! Too bad. When I was a boy I once fell for a nun. Does she think no one else ever fell for a priest? I have seen more than one pair of sheep's eyes made at you, but not all of them think themselves so almighty important that their 'love' turns a town upside down."

Father Keogh laughed at him, "*Jefe*, I believe you're frustrated. You've been looking for the ideal female witness and you've never found her. It has made you a sour old man!"

The *jefe* said, "Listen, what your little love-martyr needed was a beating right from the start, nothing more and nothing less."

"Well, I'm not sure I might not have administered it if I'd found out in time, but I didn't." Then Father Keogh added, "*Jefe*, she *was* young. She *did* lose her head. Who wouldn't in those circumstances? I nearly lost mine. But I don't think her passion was self-importance. I think it may have been a misguided devotion, but I believe it was devotion. It may have been youthful—I think that makes it more pathetic. She tried to bear the brunt of it herself. She tried to make good her mistakes. She did everything in her power to see that no one was hurt but herself—and the hurt to herself was considerable. That may have been foolish, but it was very courageous. Don't be hard on the child. She has suffered enough."

The *jefe* made no comment. He pushed forward the pad he had written upon, and said only: "Sign this." It was a statement. It accused Malo of kidnapping the Señorita Dorotea Rosalia Teodora Maria-Cristina de Cortinez y Ketter, and of holding her to his person by force; of threatening the life of the said señorita, and of the Reverend Michael Patrick Keogh. Father Keogh read it through twice and signed.

"Right," said the *jefe*. "We'll pick that lot up."

"May I see them?" Father Keogh asked. "Especially Anacleto."

"Sure," said the *jefe*. "Do what you like as soon as I have them inside. I am sending you home under escort."

Father Keogh said, "Could I call at the Casa Grande first? I want to see Doña Marian."

"You may call nowhere until they're inside."

His housekeeper Chela had no greeting for him. Her eyes were still inflamed and red. But she had hot chocolate and *tortillas* waiting for him. "A nice fright you gave me, Father. It's a shame when my stomach is poorly."

Father Keogh smiled at her, "Chela, don't let anyone disturb me."

By the side of the bed he went down on his knees. This time his prayers came easily. He prayed for a second chance.

Chela interrupted him immediately. She burst in without a knock. "Father, the Bad One has gone! He has left the town and the others with him. Everyone was so busy making happiness up on the Plaza that nobody saw them go. But there were horse tracks up the mountainside. When the *jefe* sent men down to take them, there was no one left but Porfirio's wife. . . ."

FATHER KEOGH went back to his prayers. There seemed no limits to the depths of his failure. God's enemies had left. He was not fit to be entrusted with them, for God looks upon His enemy as a sadly misguided friend. He was not fit to serve God's friends. There was to be no second chance. His head was still bent and the moon was up when he heard Sam Frankenson's voice downstairs.

The friendly little American carried two bottles of brandy. "Bud, this time we're going to float that lifebelt you wear round your neck!"

Father Keogh pushed a chair forward for him. "I can never thank you enough, Sam, so I'm not even going to try."

Sam put the bottles on the table, opened one of them and poured out a couple of glasses. "For Pete's sake, bud! That was some tough assignment you gave me."

Father Keogh said seriously, "Sam, I know. I assure you I know. But it was my only chance, and I knew you'd pull it off. I thought if you couldn't, nobody could."

"Yeah! Well, I'll tell you—this Dyke Brown wasn't so keen on the kid when I finally got through to him. He was plenty sore at her still. Well, you couldn't blame him, could you? He didn't go for this chauffeur stuff at first. He says he kind of didn't like the idea of taking her after Pussyfoot. Then I had to tell him she got tied up with Pussyfoot because she was scared of him—see, I can't very well tell him the kid plumps for Pussyfoot because she's so nuts about you; that wouldn't've sounded too good. That way he comes third on the list!

"Gee! bud, did I get myself tied up! So I say Pussyfoot was so crazy about her he tells her if she goes through with this wedding, he'll plug everyone in sight. That gets him, and then when I tell him you're taking her out of town and I tell him what you want him to do—he sounds like a kid out of high school, he's so pleased to get his girl back."

Father Keogh raised his glass, "Here's to them, and here's to you, Sam—God bless you."

Sam replied, "*Skol*! Say bud, you'll have to

Malo clenched his fist, ready to spring. At the same moment, Vito slowly raised his gun

Fortune is a Woman

by WINSTON GRAHAM

A gripping new serial by the author of "Night Without Stars" begins—in advance of book publication

—in JOHN BULL Jan. 31

call that poor little guy Father Lopez—he won't know whether he's baptizing or burying folk. Boy, was he tied up! It took me a quarter of an hour to explain that he didn't have to go. I said you'd tell him about it later. You should call him, bud!"

"I will," Father Keogh assured him. "Will you stay to dinner, Sam?"

"Bud, I'll stay to breakfast."

"That's fine," Father Keogh said. "I'm sorry I got you worried, Sam. But you see, I couldn't risk giving Malo the slightest clue that I wasn't on the level with him."

Sam said: "'Level'—that 'level' had me at rock-bottom. I thought you was *really* going to marry that kid. . . ."

They were both laughing when Chela came in.

"Father, an Indian has come to the door."

"Oh? What does he want?"

Chela's eyes were obstinate. "The *jefe* has men out to search for the Bad One. He has not been caught yet, he is still somewhere about. It wouldn't be safe if you left the house."

Father Keogh repeated patiently, "Chela, what does this Indian want?"

Chela answered reluctantly, "He is bound for Arenales. He was passing through Tephuango and somebody asked him to carry a message. But he's a stranger. It's not wise to trust him."

Father Keogh passed Chela and went to the door. The Indian awaited him patiently. He delivered his message in Spanish. A young woman had been taken ill in Tephuango. Her husband was afraid that she suffered from the evil eye. He requested the priest to visit her.

Father Keogh questioned the Indian carefully. The Indian gave the names and particulars of the case concerned. Father Keogh knew the young woman and he trusted her husband.

Chela said, "Look, Father, so many times you have been there for nothing and the last time you went out and there was no one sick."

Father Keogh told Chela to give the Indian something to eat and thanked him for bringing the message. Then he said, "I'm sorry, Sam. I'm afraid our dinner party's off."

Sam replied anxiously, "There may be something in what Chela says, bud. You never saw this Indian before and Pussyfoot's still at large."

THE priest went back to his room. He began to gather his medical equipment. "I shouldn't think he's hanging about within the *jefe's* reach."

"You never know with Pussyfoot. He'd stop at nothing to get a last crack at you. Why can't you wait until he's been driven farther afield?"

"My dear Sam, I can't refuse to go out on sick calls because I have no news of Malo's whereabouts."

"It might not be a sick call, bud."

"It's a risk I dare not take, Sam."

"Okay, I'm coming with you."

Father Keogh said: "No, you're not."

"Oh, so you *are* scared: you do have doubts!"

"Well, you never know," Father Keogh admitted. "But I think this case is genuine."

Chela urged: "Go with him, Señor Sam. For myself, I am going to the *jefe*, I shall tell him where he's gone."

Sam said: "I'm going with him."

Nothing Father Keogh could say would dissuade him. Domingo was willing to drive them, but Father Keogh refused the offer. He hired the car, but he drove himself.

Sam sat cuddling a bottle of brandy. "If the patient doesn't have a need of this—I do! I can't stand to see anyone sick."

There was no light in Tephuango except from the moon. The poverty-stricken huts looked less shabby beneath it.

Sam said: "Which one of these palaces is it?"

"Third from the end," Father Keogh said.

They stopped the car outside and walked into the hut. Sam still hugged the bottle of brandy. The fire in the centre was out. They could see nothing until Father Keogh shone his torch. Then someone moaned in the corner.

"Sounds genuine," said Sam. "Gee, bud, I hope there's no blood—do you want a hand?"

"Yes, I think I might. Could you manage the torch?"

Sam took the torch and they stepped round the fire to the corner. A figure lay wrapped in a *petate*.

Sam asked: "Why don't these guys send for the doctor when they're sick?"

"Because they're poor, and because they're always convinced that they're dying—they're worried about their souls."

He went down on one knee by the figure. He turned it gently round towards him. When he moved aside the reed mat, he recognized The Jeep. Then the torch failed and he heard a sharp thud and Sam cried out. He had heard nobody come up behind him. He sprang back to stumble against Sam at his feet. He felt for the torch but could not find it. He said anxiously: "Sam—what's happened? Sam—are you hurt?"

He began to grope towards the square of light that the doorway cut into the floor. He sensed Malo before he saw him. He called out: "Anacleto—how much is he hurt?"

Malo replied: "Not much."

WHEN Father Keogh's eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he saw the black outline of Malo's figure. Vito and Porfirio came to the door. Porfirio was carrying a lamp. Father Keogh turned back towards Sam. Vito and Porfirio gripped his arms.

"Just let me see if he's hurt," Father Keogh said.

The Jeep wriggled free of his blanket. Malo came slowly towards Father Keogh. His face was no longer expressionless. Porfirio's lamp threw an odd yellow sheen across it. It seemed to awaken an inner light behind Malo's narrow eyes.

Father Keogh asked him: "Won't this make it worse for you?" Malo made no reply. "You roused Chela's suspicions—she went to the *jefe*. It's going to be difficult to make this look like an accident, isn't it?"

The Jeep told him cheerfully: "Señor Frankenson has been a great help to us there. He will make it look more like an accident. The bottle he brought will be empty, you see. Señor Frankenson will be the one at the wheel when the car is found crashed, instead of Domingo. It will look very much better like that."

Porfirio said: "It's not kind to try and frighten the padre, Jeepo—you should explain that they'll both be dead first."

"Oh yes," The Jeep echoed, "they'll both be dead first."

Father Keogh addressed Malo. His voice was quiet. "Can't you leave Sam out?"

"I'm afraid he's a witness, my friend."

"I'll write a note in my own handwriting to say I took my own life in fear of you—or for any other reason you like to think up."

In the corner, Sam rolled over and groaned. He sat up bewildered, calling: "Bud!" Then he crawled forward and found the bottle. He came up behind Vito, but The Jeep saw his arm swing. His shout turned Vito round. Father Keogh threw off Porfirio and the lamp struck the ground. It sent a thin acrid smoke up between them. Malo clenched his fist, ready to spring at Father Keogh.

As he did so, Vito raised his gun and fired.

He meant to hit Father Keogh, but the bullet struck Malo instead. It hit the hand that Malo had raised to strike the priest. It took three fingers off it, and left only the small finger and thumb. It also embedded itself in the lung.

Sam's voice was agonized. "Bud?"

"He got Anacleto," Father Keogh said.

"For the love of Christ, thank God!"

Malo lay on the floor. He lay as if none of his limbs belonged to him, but he kept his body straight. Father Keogh knelt beside him.

It was The Jeep who squeaked the question: "Is Anacleto dead?"

Father Keogh said: "No, but I think he's dying. Fetch the doctor—the car's outside."

Not one of the three men moved or spoke. Father Keogh looked up. "I said—fetch the doctor. He's dying."

There was a sudden stir behind his back. Sam called: "Let me alone, you sons of ——!" Then his voice was cut short. Porfirio's dirty handkerchief was rammed inside his mouth and tied behind his neck. Vito pulled Sam's coat down, and with the sleeves they tied his arms behind his back. They threw him backwards and he fell on the ground, trussed tightly, his face in the dirt.

Porfirio stood in the doorway. There were voices outside in the street. A few people ventured out. Porfirio fired into the dust each side of them. The street was quickly cleared. Porfirio turned to Father Keogh. "When a man's dying, it's too late for a doctor. What a dying man needs is a priest."

The Jeep backed after him, keeping his gun on Father Keogh, and Vito backed after The Jeep.

Father Keogh called out: "Are you going to desert him?"

It was Malo who answered. "The rats are leaving—what did you expect of rats?"

Malo lay across the doorway. The moonlight crept over his face. It made it unnaturally white. They heard the car start up.

Father Keogh looked down at Malo. His chest was bleeding freely, and the blood trickled out of his mouth. But it was the shattered hand which hurt Father Keogh most. He had seen it lie motionless so many times. The blood round it raised the dirt and drove it forward in a narrow canal.

Father Keogh said: "When they've gone, I'll free Sam. He shall go for the doctor. In the meantime I'll do what I can."

Malo's voice was still clear. "They were not all rats—there was old Uncle Joaquin, my friend."

Father Keogh had eased his handkerchief over the wound in the chest, and was raising the injured hand inch by inch when Vito returned to fire at him.

He fired several times at Father Keogh. The bullets struck the shoulder, the stomach and the chest. Then he flung the gun inside the hut.

FATHER KEOGH was conscious not only of pain but a sharp surprise at it which quickly deadened, so that there was nothing left but pain.

They heard the car drive off.

Father Keogh felt the light of the moon across his face, but he found that he could no longer see. At first he thought his eyes were closed, and he felt for their lids with his finger tips. The lids were open, but the eyes remained sightless, and all hearing had gone from his ears. He heard only a senseless drumming in them. He was left with his finger tips. He felt with them guardedly towards the point where he knew Malo lay. He said: "Anacleto, can you hear me?" The voice was already a blind man's, a searching voice. . . .

Malo answered: "Yes."

But Father Keogh could not hear him. "Say an act of contrition, Anacleto. Say an act of contrition with me."

In the corner, Sam struggled to free himself.

"Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended thee. . . ."

Malo's voice was amused but not mocking. "I have no God to offend."

The anxious hands that travelled over him seemed to be begging more pitifully than the sightless eyes. Father Keogh appealed to him. "Are you saying it? I can't seem to see or hear any more. *'And I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell. . . .'*"

"I dread neither heaven nor hell, my friend, those two are the same to me."

Father Keogh said: "Anacleto, if you're saying it, will you take my hand. If you're saying it—press it—Anacleto, press my hand."

He was conscious of an all-consuming pain such as he never dreamed existed. In his head he felt the words of the act of contrition receding farther and farther away from him. His dimming mind groped after them. If he lost them, who could save Malo?

Malo lay looking up at him; his eyes

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

MY father was born in England of Polish parents. My mother was Ellen Terry's niece. So both family strains contributed to this photograph, taken when I was seven, for the costume was Polish, and suggests a sense of "theatre."

Although our London home was the rendezvous of many well-known actors and actresses, I was more interested in painting and designing. My brother Val and I had a miniature theatre. While he devised playlets I would busy myself with chalks and pastels, painting the scenery and working out spectacular effects.

The first play I ever saw was *Peter Pan*. *Chu Chin Chow* followed shortly after. With these to inspire me, I would dream up a few effects of my own, using highlights, indoor fireworks, and real sand to make deserts. But the idea that I should ever act did not enter my head at the time.

At Westminster School I did fairly well at history and divinity, but was appalling at mathematics. I read funeral orations at speech days, but did not win a prize.

The only other theatrical occasion at school was the annual performance of a Latin play. I was never in it, not being a resident scholar and therefore not qualified. I would attend performances, though, and remember being told when to applaud by the monitors. They would conduct the audiences with little wands. I thought it very dull and unnatural. I was later reminded of this when watching B.B.C. shows being broadcast.

Once, at a children's dance, I saw a demonstration of ju-jutsu. I was fascinated, and often thought of it later, when I was miserably going through deportment lessons at dramatic school after I had decided to become an actor, after all.

He is now our leading classical actor. For his name, see page 30

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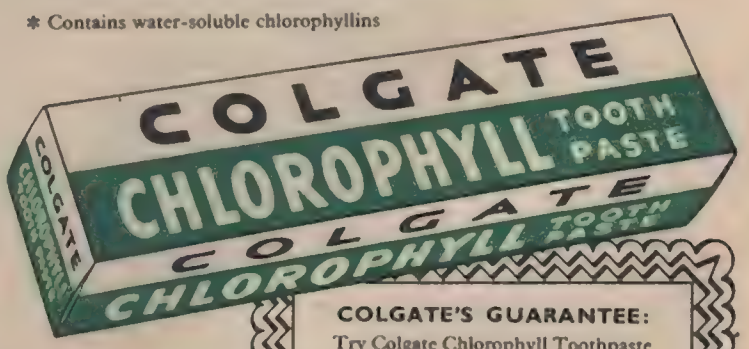

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made a leisurely tour of the priest. When they returned to his face they remained on it. He saw that Father Keogh was crying and that it had nothing to do with his physical pain.

There was no longer any strength in his voice. "Oh, God, I have failed him. Oh, God, I have failed. Don't let him suffer because I have failed."

There had never before been a moment when Malo regretted causing pain. It was a sensation that brought him an agony of bewilderment more severe than the wounds that were nagging his body. It seemed to dissolve his remaining strength. He lay still with his eyes wide, and stared at the priest, at something he failed to understand. Then he moved his injured hand. He sent it out towards Vito's revolver. It lay on the floor two feet away from him.

Father Keogh rallied every available source of strength that was left within him to gather the cruelly retreating words. He failed to recapture some of them. He grasped what he could, and his voice regained strength. "*'Oh merciful Father whose love never fails, forgive me, for I am truly sorry . . .*' Anacleto—press my hand." It was a final and desperate appeal.

Malo's hand reached Vito's revolver. The mangled palm managed to grip it. There was no word for the pain that it cost him, that the cold metal caused to his finger stumps. With the remaining finger and thumb he managed to lift the gun.

Father Keogh's voice faltered: "*'Oh merciful Father whose love never fails . . .*' Anacleto—press my hand."

MALO moved his good hand. It caught Father Keogh's sleeve. It felt its way down from the elbow with a deliberate care, as if it feared that it might go astray. Then it found the priest's fingers—and pressed them.

Father Keogh smiled. He was hardly aware that he moved his lips. "*'To confess my sins, to do penance, and to amend my life.'*"

Malo's injured hand brought the gun to the head of the priest. Malo's face was wet. There was fresh blood on his lower lip which his teeth had caused. He meant to pay the compliment that he only paid to cats, the only creatures that had known tenderness from him: he meant to kill the priest outright. The thumb and the fingers were forced

"Well, offhand, I should say you ought to give up lighthouse work altogether"

into action. They managed to pull the trigger back.

But Sam's body rolled suddenly forward. It crashed into Malo's raised arm. The gun skidded. The bullet struck the wall of the hut.

Malo said: "What a God! No pity."

The hut became suddenly full of voices. Chela was crying, the *jefe* was shouting. Someone was trying to relight the fire. The smoke drifted. Father Keogh believed that he lay in Ireland with the smell of burning turf in the air. Then he felt a pair of hands. They were neither gentle nor careful, but they loved him. In every rough gesture that hurt him he felt their love of him. Father Keogh recognized them. He said: "Sam, will you fetch me a priest."

Sam said: "Don't give me that dying stuff!"

Father Keogh said: "Father Lopez—Huapan. And Sam, you'll have to be quick." His mind became suddenly clear. From the first word to the last he remembered the act of contrition as if it had been written up before him in a black impressive print. He lay smiling towards it. He said to Sam: "Is Anacleto dead? If he is, will you look at him for me? If he looks peaceful—press my hand."

Sam shifted over to Malo. His eyes were wide open. They stared at the priest. Sam put a foot out and kicked him. "You goddam son of a dirty bitch! You'd have plugged him, wouldn't you, when he was trying to save your goddam soul! You goddam dirty louse!" The body of Malo gave under his foot. It made no other movement. Sam said: "Yep! I guess he's burning."

He went back and bent down to the priest. He met Father Keogh's black inquiring eyes. He shouted: "Pussyfoot looks a bloody sight too peaceful." Then he remembered and pressed the hand.

Father Keogh closed his eyes. His lips were moving. He was reciting the words that were written before him.

Sam asked the *jefe*: "How much time do I have to get that priest?"

The *jefe* said: "No time. Stay with him. It's a question of minutes now."

Sam shouted: "Who says there's no time? If bud wants a priest, he gets a priest."

He drove the *jefe's* car. He wept behind the wheel. He said aloud: "Ah, God—ah, God!" He raised his eyes to the heavens. He said to them grimly: "Okay. I never said a prayer before. I shouldn't have done that to Pussyfoot—even though Pussyfoot had it coming to him. Okay—here's a prayer coming up. This is Sam Frankenson—praying!"

THE bishop received Father Keogh's letter:

"I have enclosed a form of report much on the lines of the one submitted to your Lordship by Father Gomez, for the benefit of my successor. I am firmly convinced that if I am successful in my attempts to outwit Anacleto for the reasons your Lordship will find detailed in this report, he will not allow me to survive.

"I have laid my plans as carefully as possible with the help of my true friend Sam Frankenson, but I must repeat that if they succeed, I am certain, to use Father Gomez's own phrase, that I 'shall not escape.' Anacleto will forgo all subtleties after this, and will stop at nothing to remove me from his path.

"It is a measure of my failure that my greatest grief is still a personal one; if I could have been certain that I had assisted but two of the people with whose spiritual care your Lordship entrusted me—if I could feel that I had bequeathed to my friend Sam even the possibility of acquainting himself with the limitless comfort of prayer, if I could feel that I had aroused in Anacleto one single moment's awakening to pity, I could die a happy man."

The letter had crossed the bishop's informing Father Keogh of his transfer from Quantana. In it the bishop had written: "You may rest assured that in Father Marcelino Dominguez Lasques I have personally chosen someone whom I consider to be worthy of carrying on your work."

THE END

"The Singer, Not The Song" will be published in book form on March 2, by Heinemann, at 12s. 6d.

STAR OF THE SEA

Continued from page 12

out to dinner. To his own ears, his voice sounded theatrical, louder, exuberant. He found himself taking Green's arm.

"You shall choose the place," he said, "since you know this town. But you are to be my guest. Understand?"

Green hesitated. "I had really thought that we might stay in the hotel tonight. We are voyaging to England tomorrow. We must sleep well——"

"Nonsense," Shuttleworth said loudly, delighted that he had in some way put a spoke in the wheel. "You have not let me spend a penny since I arrived. Tonight you shall be my guest."

After some argument, Green gave way. But he made great play with the locking of his room, and watched to see that Shuttleworth did the same with his.

"I will look after the keys," Green volunteered. "They will go in my overcoat pocket."

And he did not hand them in at the porter's desk as they left the hotel. Perhaps it was an oversight. Certainly it was only as they returned, after an exceedingly good dinner, that he seemed to realize what he had done.

"No wonder my coat seemed heavy," he exclaimed, clapping his hand to his pocket and laughing. "I have been carrying these great clumsy hotel keys around all the evening. What a fool I must appear!"

Shuttleworth, who three days before would not have known what to say to this subterfuge, now found himself passing it off as a great joke.

When he said good night to Green, he locked his door carefully. He waited half an hour before taking the next step. Then he went quietly across to where his instrument case lay. He examined it carefully both inside and out.

It seemed to be exactly as he had left it. Only one thing struck him as odd. There was a faint almond-like smell about it.

He looked at the instruments one by one. Something worried him about them; something here was—and then he saw it. The knurled screw which varied the ink flow on the largest of his pen compasses had always been slightly different from the rest. Where the others had a cross-cut grain on the head of the screw, this particular one had been cut in a series of dots. In the set that lay before him, all the screws were the same.

He examined the case again. It was the same leather. The thick, silk-covered padding on which the instruments lay was the same. He closed it, tested it for height and width. It seemed all right.

What *was* that damned smell? It reminded him of something of—of—women's nail varnish. Cellulose.

He sniffed again at the case, putting his nose right down on to it, like a dog on the scent. As he did so, his eye caught the reflection of the light on a tiny, shining particle inside the padded lid. A minute drop of cellulose adhesive.

Somebody had recently glued the silk padding into the case, somebody who had worked very carefully, leaving no trace—except that tiny amber fleck. It was at that moment that the bell of warning rang in his memory—the bell that should have sounded when first he heard the name "Huskisson."

He remembered the whole affair now. He had read about it in the papers, and heard a lot of talk about it. Huskisson was the name of a man sent to prison for smuggling. The goods had been found in his car when he returned from a motoring holiday abroad. They were hidden in a metal tube lightly soldered to the false bottom of the boot. When the metal tube was found, Huskisson denied all knowledge of it. He kept up his denials to the end.

The end was a sentence of a year's imprisonment. . . .

As the story came back to him, Shuttleworth sat frozen with horror. At least, the Shuttleworth of the boarding house and the insurance company did. But the new Shuttleworth fought back, and his final sensation was not horror but excitement.

Huskisson was innocent, the victim of a plot. And he, Shuttleworth, was being prepared as the next possible victim. His position, he saw suddenly, was either very weak—or very strong. It depended entirely on what he was going to do about it. He thought for some minutes, then he opened the door with infinite care. He waited for a moment, then tip-toed down the corridor, made his way down to the main hall of the hotel and out of the building.

WHEN he returned, he had a small bottle of nail varnish remover and a tube of cellulose cement in his pocket—purchases made at an all-night chemist's. He entered his room with as much care as he had taken on leaving.

After locking the door, he sat on the bed for a moment. He noticed that he was trembling slightly.

It took him half an hour's delicate work to loosen the padded silk from inside the case. He painted the varnish remover carefully round the edges, using hair torn from his shaving brush for the job. Gradually the remover dissolved the cellulose adhesive, and at last he had the padding free but still undamaged.

Although what he found inside was only what he had expected, his heart seemed to jump into his throat when he saw it.

The space between the padding and the lid of the case was tightly packed with uncut diamonds. Even to Shuttleworth's inexpert eye they were obviously worth a fortune. They would be worth very much more if they could be smuggled, free of Customs duty, to London.

He had no doubt that his own instrument case was in the room next door. It was damnably clever. If he succeeded—and it was very likely that he would—in getting this case safely through the Customs, his own case would be neatly substituted for this duplicated one afterwards. It was obvious that Green had heard his arrangement with the Customs officer about his instrument case and had hatched up the plot there and then. To Green and Fevrier he was no more than a porter — "a fool without a clue," as Green had described the unfortunate Huskisson.

Aston Shuttleworth suddenly felt very angry, but angry in a cold, thoughtful way that was quite new to him.

Much later, he finished replacing the padding inside the lid of the case, fixing it carefully with the adhesive that he had bought. Fortunately, he always slept with his window open. He placed the case, opened out, on the sill, so that the pungent smell of cellulose would evaporate. And he hurled the bottle of varnish remover and the cellulose cement far out into

fill up on

SHELL DAY

SHELL

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the night. They fell so far away that he did not hear them break.

By eight o'clock, Green was tapping on his door. Shuttleworth had foreseen an early visit, and when he opened the door the instrument case lay exactly as it had been overnight.

It amused him to notice how Green's eyes leapt to that case. He found many things that amused him as the day passed—so much so, that Green noticed something different about him.

"You know, my friend, this holiday has done you a world of good," Green commented as they drove to the ship. "You look like one who is enjoying himself for the first time."

"I am," Shuttleworth admitted with a dry smile.

The crossing was rough and Green, pleading sea-sickness, took a cabin, promising to see him on the train at Dover.

Shuttleworth enjoyed the crossing. The wind and the waves excited him, challenged him as he paced the deck. When he arrived at Dover, he was ready for anything. In the Customs shed he sought out the officer who had examined his baggage when he left England. He had no trouble at all.

He found Green in an empty first-class compartment. "I've only got a third-class ticket for the train," he told Green. "I'll put my bag beside yours while I go to buy a first-class one, so that we can travel together."

Green's eyes were sparkling as Shuttleworth walked off to the ticket office. He returned to the compartment ten minutes later.

"I'm a fool," he said with a smile. "When I got to the ticket office I found that I had only Belgian money. All my English money is in my bag. So I shall have to go back again."

He picked up his bag and set off again. The last he saw of Mr. Oscar Green was a benevolent smile. Mr. Green did not really care now if he never came back. For, Shuttleworth had no doubt, he had already effected the exchange of the instrument cases.

At the far end of the platform, out of Mr. Green's view, he went into a telephone booth, looked up a number in the directory and conducted a short conversation on the phone. He hurried away from the booth afterwards, in case an attempt was made to trace the source of the call.

He walked out of the station and made his way to the centre of the town. It was 2.30 in the afternoon when he went into a cinema. He sat the show round twice. The film amused him. It was about smugglers.

When he came out, he had dinner in a small restaurant.

At eleven o'clock that night, he was back at Dover Marine Station. He bought himself a single ticket for Dunkirk and boarded the night ferry. At a quarter to five the next morning he was striding along the road from Dunkirk quay to the town. At half past five, having breakfasted in a café which opened early for passengers like himself, he was bargaining with a French taxi-driver. An hour later he had crossed from France into Belgium and was back at the hotel in Ostend.

He explained that he had decided to extend his holiday, and asked if he could have the room that he had occupied the night before. Monsieur could have any room he liked, the night porter said, now that all the Easter holidaymakers had gone. Monsieur intimated that he would make do with the one he had before.

When he had locked the door, he went over to the big brass bedstead. He unscrewed the ornate knob on one of the corner posts, and drew from the hollow interior of the post his sponge-bag. It was a tricky operation, for the bag was wedged in very tightly, rolled up to fit the post.

From the sponge-bag he spilled on to the bed the diamonds that he had hidden in it. Not all the diamonds that Green had planted in that instrument case lay there before him—just three out of every four.

* * *

Shuttleworth told me the story years later. We were sitting in the owner's cabin of Star of the Sea. The yacht was lying in Lisbon harbour. I had run across him earlier in the day in the town, and he had asked me to come aboard.

"You know, you're the first person to whom I have told the whole story," Shuttleworth said at the end of it. He rang a bell, and a Javanese steward appeared to refill our glasses.

"In a way, I felt bad about what I did, but I've long since repaid Green for those diamonds—and, anyway, he was a rather nasty sort of crook. I was much more frightened that Green and Fevrier would catch up with me than I was of the Customs, so I had to put him out of action right away. The only way to do that was to ring up the Customs—which I did, from Dover. I told them everything about him, not forgetting that he was the man who had 'shopped' Huskisson."

"And they got him all right?"

"Oh, yes. He got a year in prison."

"And what did you do?"

"I sold the diamonds in Antwerp, one by one. I never let any dealer know how many I had. Then I put the money into half a dozen different banks in Belgium and slipped over the border into Holland. At Rotterdam I engaged a Dutch skipper—you've seen him. I picked him for his honest face and his huge fists. He's a damned bad navigator, and was out of a job for that reason. But I knew quite a bit of theoretical navigation, and I wanted a bodyguard more than a skipper. He did all the negotiating for Star of the Sea. By the time that Green was able to send a message from prison to Fevrier, I was sailing for the Caribbean."

He laughed. "You know that old story about money attracting money. It's perfectly true. I found that whenever I put into a port where the late Sir Lamorna had been I was somehow received into the circles in which he had moved. It was as if, by buying his yacht, I became his natural successor. I found some of them remarkably queer circles—but they had one thing in common. Wherever Sir Lamorna went, there was money to be made."

"You look as if you made it."

"Oh, yes. Quite legitimately, too. I repaid Fevrier and Green in my own time. Green now works for me. In fact, he is quite devoted to my interests, since they make a lot of money for him. I even let him cheat me for old time's sake. I know when he's cheating, and he knows that I know. It's a remarkably satisfactory arrangement. Sometimes we have dinner together. It's always a good dinner—for I remember the time he said to me: 'Perhaps one day it will be the other way round—then you can pay.'"

Shuttleworth sat back with a smile as he thought of that. Then he rang the bell again for the steward. THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

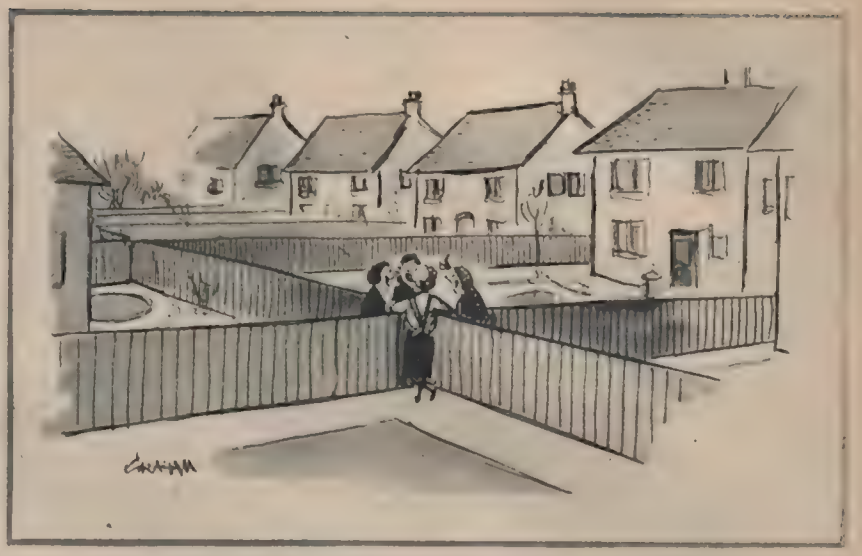
In between

SINCE no one can live permanently at full stretch, no one can be permanently happy: and since no one can live perpetually in the depths, no one can be everlastingly unhappy.

If you want to avoid getting "down in the dumps" for no very obvious reason, you should realize that although you may not be positively happy, you are not necessarily *unhappy*.

"I am not particularly happy, but I am certainly not unhappy," is a mental tonic that would save a lot of silly relapses into the "blues."

by ROFFE THOMPSON



MRS. BLYTH GUARDS THE INNOCENTS ABROAD

Continued from page 19

she was a stranger. And as a stranger she was temporarily freed from the influence of the opinions of other people; she could do as she liked without fear of being rebuffed. That is just one of the reasons why girls have to be watched when they're travelling."

Almost every morning Beatrice Blyth is involved in an unobtrusive little drama like this. In the thirteen and a half years since she took her £5-a-week job to stop "frittering my widowhood away," she has met thousands of ships, trains and buses, and acted as guide, chaperon and adviser to tens of thousands of women and girls, blind, aged and crippled people, expectant mothers and children.

All through the year, in all weathers, she covers the docks and three main stations of Liverpool. Her normal hours are from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m., but sometimes they stretch into the early evening. Usually she works single-handed; when she needs help, Mrs. Ethel Sugden, the association's secretary, and her assistant are close at hand in the little office in Strand Street, just behind the docks. For most of their services no charge is made. Only for a pre-arranged meeting or escort is there a small fee.

Record Number Of Cases

The Liverpool Vigilance Association has counterparts in five other cities in Britain—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Manchester and London. The National Vigilance Association in London, which was formed sixty-five years ago and is the oldest of the six, was one of the pioneers of moral welfare. From it grew the International Bureau for the Suppression of Traffic in Women and Children.

Though the word "traffic" which is used in the objects of the Liverpool Vigilance Association is a little outdated now, the case files prove that vigilance against other forms of exploitation is as necessary as ever. Last year a record number of 1,053 case sheets went into the files. Most of them concerned girls in their late teens and twenties.

"Our main problem these days is the inexperienced, naïve girl," says Mrs. Blyth. "Some of them have never been on a train before. Often, they have only the vaguest notion of their destination. One girl was going to stay with her sister, whom she had not seen for twelve years. She had written a letter merely addressed to the town where her sister lived, and she had had no reply. She had no luggage, and when I asked her where her clothes were, she said, 'I'm wearing them. Two of each.'"

Mrs. Blyth's job is to steer these girls away from trouble. "Some have been told not to talk to strangers, but others think it's wonderful if someone buys them a cup of tea. 'What a nice kind man,' they say. They never stop to question intentions."

Besides preventing people from getting into trouble, Mrs. Blyth and the Liverpool Vigilance Association help them out of it. "Sometimes there are girls who have overspent, and others who just haven't had enough money to start with. Three girls arrived from Dublin bound for Wimbledon with only a shilling between them."

In a station waiting-room one morning, Mrs. Blyth found a mother and daughter in great distress. On their way abroad, they had mislaid a case containing their ready money. Mrs. Blyth lent them the money for a taxi.

Another woman, almost destitute, was wandering about a Liverpool station, trying to track down a man by whom she was going to have a child. Mrs. Blyth pointed out the futility of her search and persuaded her to return to her parents in Scotland.

Then there was the woman whose husband shut her out of their Midlands home one night. Without money or luggage, she went to Liverpool. Mrs. Blyth induced her to go to her father, helped her to get a "promise to pay" ticket, and saw her off on the train.

Sometimes, the girls from Ireland and the Continent who pass through the vigilance workers' hands on their way to take up domestic work return with the troubles they have had with their employers. "The awkward thing is that many of these girls are so good-looking," says Mrs. Blyth. "I often think to myself: there's potential trouble for some household."

One of the London staff was on duty at Paddington one day when she met a Danish girl whom she had sent to the West Country only a few weeks earlier. The girl said: "I have left that place. That missus—she was a bad one. She beat me. She got a brush and beat me. She is just a bad, jealous one."

"But what was she jealous of?"

"Oh, I don't know."

Later, over a cup of tea, the worker got as near as was necessary to the answer. "What was the man of the house like?" she asked. The girl said: "Oh, the husband, he was not like her at all. He was a nice man."

Stopping An Elopement

Like all vigilance workers, Mrs. Blyth co-operates closely with Liverpool's social services, and dock and station officials. They regularly call on her for assistance. The police, remembering her homely charm and tactful, persuasive tongue, once asked her to keep watch on the Dublin boat for a couple who had eloped. The man was a convicted thief and had a forged passport; the girl was eighteen, the daughter of a well-known Dublin shopkeeper. Mrs. Blyth's job was to convince her that there was no future in the elopement, and to steer her out of the inevitable trouble when the man got off the boat. She succeeded.

After many years of dealing with all types of people in an immense variety of situations, Beatrice Blyth still finds it hard to accept that she has any special gifts or that she is doing a job which few other people could do. If she is pressed for her formula for handling people, she answers, a little uncomfortably: "Well, I think I show them a little kindness. It goes a long way, you know." THE END

LOVERS IN WAITING

Continued from page 18

moment as he poured a drink for himself. His knowledge of law was limited to the short course given to district officers, but even with that slight background he was fairly sure that she had little chance of upsetting Haydn-Davies's decision. A prejudiced decision it might be, but that made no difference. Marie would certainly get no help from the resident commissioner, the man who really mattered.

"But it's monstrous," Marie said vehemently. "It's my money. Why can't I do what I want with it?"

"The little man has it all his own way," Stanley said bitterly. "He can imprison Marie, stop us marrying, kick me out, bar me from getting any other job in the islands—and there's not a damn thing we can do about it. All we can do is wait, wait—and pray that something will happen. . . ."

MARIE had turned away from them and was now leaning across the stern rail. Down below, in the darkness, Bimbi saw her shake her head suddenly, her eyes glistening with the threat of tears. He was gripped with a passionate desire to help the two people whom he loved so much.

She raised her head again. She blinked the tears out of her eyes, and in the same moment saw Bimbi, staring up at her from the dinghy.

"Don't you wait, Bimbi. We won't be going back for a little while. You go off and eat."

"Yes. I go."

But he made no move. He was looking at Stanley, who was staring fixedly across the dark water. Following his gaze, Bimbi saw Haydn-Davies on the lighted veranda of the big bungalow. The bared, gingery head seemed to flame above the starched white clothing as the manager started down the steps for his pre-dinner walk.

Bimbi sat there quite still for a few moments, staring into the darkness whence the manager had disappeared. Then he stood up, pulled the dinghy in close to the stern and untied the line. A moment later he drew away across the dark water.

Half an hour later, the three on the schooner were suddenly roused by shouts from the beach. "Master! Master!" Then followed a gabbling of incomprehensible, fear-quickened pidgin.

Bimbi, now back at his station, pulled quickly across to the shore. He brought back the kitchen boy from number one bungalow. The youngster was wide-eyed and hysterical, but from his incoherencies it was apparent that Haydn-Davies was seriously injured, if not dead.

They returned quickly to the beach and the boy led them along the path to the big bungalow. There, beside the palm closest to the bungalow and in the gloom cast by a huge mango tree, he stopped on the path. A still white figure lay ahead of them. Stanley, holding his torch, pushed past the terrified boy.

He dropped quickly beside the body. But Johns was swifter and more experienced in his check. He looked across at Stanley.

"He's dead," he said, softly.

"Oh, God!" Marie whispered from close behind them.

Stanley flashed his torch away from the body, stood up and put his arm tightly about her. Shaking his head as he murmured to her, he somehow could not completely free his attention from the pallid shape on the path. It loomed on the fringe of his vision, insistent and troublous. Horror gave way to a mounting uneasiness. It was all so uncannily convenient—as if some supernatural force had intervened in desperate solution of all their troubles.

Suddenly he tensed. His hand clamped tightly on the wavering torch. The beam was still on the path.

In that instant, he heard a quick, faint hiss of indrawn breath from behind him. He swung the torch away as he turned from Marie. Bimbi was staring at him. His eyes were widely white. For a moment they looked at one another in utter silence, then Johns spoke.

"Better get Marie back to the bungalow. There are certain things to do."

"I'll stay and help," Stanley said abruptly. "Will you go back, darling?"

Johns looked at him, faintly surprised, as he led Marie on to the grass, around the figure on the path, then saw her towards the bungalow. And he had turned back again before Johns started towards the coconut which was lying to the left of the body.

"Show me the light," Johns asked.

As he obeyed, Stanley moved across to the far side of the body, near the bulging base of the tall palm. He remained there, quite still, watching Johns flick at the dark patch of blood about the conical end of the nut. He said softly: *"Him he got two fella eyes for see. Him he no kill him some fella."* From the darkness beside him he could glimpse Bimbi's eyes fixed on him.

"What's that?" The irrelevancy only irritated Johns.

"It's just an old saying. Didn't you know it? Those two holes in the top of the nuts—the boys say they're eyes so the nut can see and not fall on anyone."

"Well, this one did," Johns said shortly. "From about sixty feet. Murderous things."

As Johns turned to the kitchen boy and gave instructions for his boat's crew to be called ashore, Stanley flicked off his torch. Leaning down, he scratched briefly at his ankle. Then, before straightening up, he dipped lower and swept up the ebony diving goggles near his feet.

He stood close in front of Bimbi, his hands behind his back. Stealthily, the goggles were drawn away from his fingers.

In that instant he sensed the utter completion of the act he had already visualized so clearly . . . the dark figure standing beside the palm, almost obscured by the night. Not quite obscured, however, for the white *lava-lava* would still be conspicuous. So that had been stripped off and thrown aside. Completely naked then, standing close to the palm, the nut gripped in both hands, the dark figure must have waited. . . .

Johns was muttering about the burial. "The instructions say it must be done within six hours."

Stanley began to issue his orders. Bimbi, his dark face expressionless, listened for a moment, then he sped away between the palms with his messages.

THE END

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I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS

Continued from page 13

lick each other's wounds. As quickly, and for as little as a bone, two Eskimos will be at each other's throats, exchange knife thrusts or rifle shots and, not very much later, sip tea together, the incident forgotten.

One day Terak saw his brother's form silhouetted on a hilltop, and suddenly remembered some old grudge. He raised his rifle before he thought what he was doing, and fired. Two bullets whistled up the slope, searching for Ignook, the brother, who vanished. "I must have missed," said Terak to himself, smiling and quite unconcerned. Ignook came back to camp that evening and the two men enjoyed a hearty meal together, neither mentioning the incident.

Most murders probably happen on account of women, though ordinarily there is little passion involved. The Eskimo just wants a wife—any girl will do. Those who understand the Arctic way of life know that the Eskimo will go to any lengths, even murder, to get himself a companion, not so much wife as igloo-keeper.

There are not enough women to go round and, after all, who can blame the poor *Inuit* if he is prompted to shorten the days of a married man? The widow will inevitably move into the murderer's snowhouse, without any compunction or question, just taking it for granted that the smarter man has won. To avoid this fate an Eskimo will willingly lend his wife to a mateless companion or casual traveller, but, although unromantic in this respect, he can be carried away by sudden fits of lust.

Trying Out Polyandry

Sometimes, as an alternative to murder, polyandry is tried out. Two trappers will talk things over amicably and agree to live with the same wife in an idyllic Arctic design for living. This kind of arrangement may survive for a while, but in the long run one husband or the other will decide that he is not getting enough attention, or that the poor woman really has too much to do serving two of them. Then it will not be long before the Eskimo woman is back on a monogamous footing. It does not seem to matter to her who is the winner. In the end, after all, it just means that she will have less to do.

In a little Eskimo camp on the south coast of Victoria Island, well north, lived two families by themselves. Haolik and Ayagak were two fine-looking Eskimos, well built and husky, good hunters, good trailsmen, quiet and prosperous. They seemed to be living happy, peaceful lives. So when it was learned that Ayagak had died, victim of some mysterious illness, the general opinion was that fate is often rather blind. His wife wept for him copiously, enjoying the compassion of the entire coast.

Soon after Ayagak's demise, Haolik's wife died, very suddenly, too, and quite as mysteriously. This time public pity was shortlived. Haolik's child had seen his father hit his mother with an ice axe and, being too young to abide by the code of silence where personal affairs are concerned, had given the show away. Haolik had murdered his wife and, of course, Ayagak had been done away with by his wife, Leffa, a shy little woman a foot shorter than her husband. First she had shot him as he lay in bed. Then, when she saw that the bullet had not finished the job, she had made three attempts to strangle him. The third try was successful and scientific: Leffa used a home-made tourniquet.

A patrol of the Mounted Police went north to bring the murderers in for trial. Haolik shot himself before the police arrived, and Leffa, sole survivor of the unhappy foursome, was tried and acquitted on a legal technicality. After that, the Eskimos were convinced that the Great Eyebrows—as they call white men—were as stupid as children, for everyone knew that Leffa was guilty and, in fact, she said so herself.

Murder Means Prestige

Of course, the *Inuit* remained true to their own customs, and no blame or shame whatever attached itself to Leffa. A few weeks later she married one of the best hunters in the country and, in fact, may have gained prestige by being a well-known murderess.

Sometimes I myself have been the intended victim of an Eskimo. Siaksok, for instance, hated me. He was an exceptional character among the Eskimos, a cheat, with a deceitful face, shifty eyes, and a long nose. It had never occurred to me that Siaksok would ever muster enough courage and energy for a really violent offensive action. But a pot of home brew provided enough Dutch courage to push him over the hurdle of his own timidity.

Here is what my diary says: ". . . Siaksok has found a way to make home brew, a foul-smelling stuff that seems to have quite a kick. This morning he was properly drunk, so drunk, unfortunately, that he thought it would be a good idea to murder his wife and daughter, just for the fun of the thing. I got hold of his rifle and the poor woman took to the hills.

"Later on, I found the smelly brew pot and tossed it into the ocean. This really enraged him and he came after me, looking for trouble. I laid him out easily enough and thought I was rid of him for the day, but when he woke up the fumes still inflamed his brain and he came after me with an axe. He was still so drunk that I managed to side-step and avoid the blow, and then Siaksok, in full rage, belted away at his shadow with the axe until he exhausted himself and fell

TAKE MY TIP

FROST obscuring the windscreen of a car can make driving dangerous at this time of year. Before taking my car out on frosty days I place a small bolt or twig under the rear of the bonnet flap. This allows a stream of warm air to flow from the engine against the windscreen and melt the frost.—F. H. Southam, The Tything, Worcester.

JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"Another crack like that and I'll pull your beautiful blonde hair out by its ugly dark roots"

to the ground in a stupor. I do think these Eskimos might show more respect for their poor parson."

Ask an Eskimo why he has killed one of his companions and the chances are that his answer will be a simple: "*Nauna!*" ("I don't know!") It was a whim, an idea, nothing important. His reason for murder is as elusive as the reason a child will give you for having wantonly destroyed a toy. He just does not know. It simply occurred to him, it seemed to be a good idea at the time: "After all, you see, there the fellow was, and here was I, with my rifle, and it was such a perfect shot—well, you understand, I just fired, that's all."

To his own people the explanation is sufficient. They do not take our view of murder, for in the Arctic homicide seems more common, more casually accepted, than elsewhere, and in fact it is even encouraged by the laws of Eskimo society. The Eskimo penal code is intended to protect the general welfare and is not concerned with personal crimes such as murder. The only crime is an action that weakens the social body itself. Naturally, this tolerant attitude encourages murder as a means of settling disputes.

Under Death Sentence

Sometimes, a troublemaker or a fellow who makes life difficult for the whole community is sentenced to death by mutual consent. His executioner has been designated, almost by intuition. Everyone in camp knows what will happen, but no one betrays this knowledge, and the unfortunate Eskimo may walk around for days, being greeted with smiles, until, at the right moment, he goes to his reward. "Why let him know?" the Eskimos will ask. "It would only give him discomfort, and what would be gained?"

Among the Eskimos, lying, as we understand it, is certainly not a sin, and clever lying is almost a virtue.

At Tree River, some time ago, a constable of the Mounted Police took into custody a notorious Eskimo murderer—Alikamek, a tough specimen if there ever was one. The policeman was bringing Alikamek into Edmonton for trial and, at first, having heard of the Eskimo's murderous character, he was careful with his prisoner. But Alikamek played the servile savage. He laid it on thick, cringing, bowing, offering to perform all kinds of menial services for the officer. The policeman gradually relaxed his vigilance, and after a while he and Alikamek were like master and servant rather than officer of the law and prisoner. One fine morning, the Mountie said: "Hey, there, Alikamek, pass me my boots."

Alikamek went to the corner where the policeman's boots were lying, but when he turned around his hands held, not boots, but the constable's rifle. Alikamek grinned at the Mountie, and shot him as he sat on the bed.

Even Jokes Are Savage

Eskimos are savage, even in their jokes. Irkrota, for example, was a great hunter, one of the best. One day he proudly displayed a new rifle. "Now then," he said proudly, "there is a rifle!"

"A rifle, is it?" one of the bystanders asked. "It looks like a toy."

Irkrota shoved a clip of cartridges into the magazine, worked the bolt and pressed the trigger, expecting a mighty report, but hearing nothing but a harmless click as the firing pin descended on a dead round. Everyone roared with laughter.

"Ha, now, Irkrota," the ringleader said. "I told you they had made a fool of you. That is a toy you have."

Irkrota aimed at his persecutor and pressed the trigger. With no result. The laughter now was long and loud. Finally, Irkrota put the muzzle of the rifle into his mouth and then pressed the trigger. This time it went off—and so did half of Irkrota's face. Poor Irkrota! Just the same, he recovered and gained a certain prestige from his adventure. After all, no one had ever shot off his face before just to prove what a fine rifle he owned!

Eskimos have a casual attitude towards death. Even a death in the family seems to affect them little.

I will never forget watching two Eskimo boys carry off their dead brother. They had quite a time, playing and laughing as they tossed the body on the sledge and rode out with it to a forlorn point of land, tossing it on the snow without stopping, then returning at full gallop.

A man's wife dies. Before her body is out of the igloo he has his eyes on another. "A man has to live! No time to lose." Death? His wife? "*Ayornorman*" (Gone). It just cannot be helped, that is all.

NEXT WEEK: I reach the edge of the world—the farthest North family

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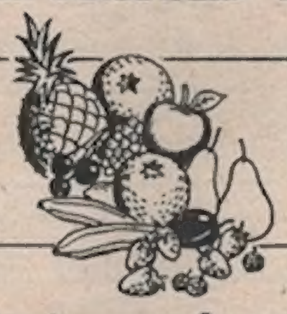
use as CREAM with  fruits

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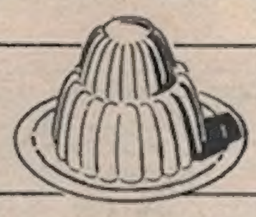

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HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line —then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

On Matrimony's Voyage
Vision Of Loveliness
To Escape
Time, The Thief
Can't Be Ignored
All Men Are Brothers, But
Wrecked
If We Weaken
The Passengers
Tools For The Job
A Bit Uppish
Smoke Of The City
Her Failing
Sometimes Right
With Leaden Feet
Maddening
Grandpa And Alfie
Funny Game
A Fool Rushed In And
Upset The Foreman

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions above

Housewife's.....
.....To Spare
By The Way It.....
Canteen.....
Glued To The.....
When.....Took Over

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,869 (or Xword 821) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,865

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Giant Hamper: Miss M. Macdonald, Mount Alexander, Comber, Co. Down:

To Those Who Brought You Nightlight, Bring "Sunshine"!

£50 plus Giant Hamper: F. Menzies, c/o Christie, 2 Park Avenue, Dundee: ALL THE TIME—MEN "FALLING," MAN FAILING.

£25 plus Giant Hamper: A. Brown, 54 Clayton Street, Nelson: PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE, BUT—PLAY DETERMINATION'S "CARDS," TOO!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: A. White, 17 Spalding Road, Holbeach, Lincs: WITH A GUN — PEACE-MAKING — EXPLAINS PEACE QUAKING. £9: W. H. Dormer, 35 Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield: GRUMBLING ABOUT THINGS—OUR RIGHT—*Hourly*, WRONG! £8: A. Eke, "Kalena," Westbury Street, Elland, Yorks: ALL THE TIME—WE'RE "SERVING," "SHELVES" *Filling*. £7: P. Heaton, 46 Thirlmere Street, Leigh, Lancs: DEADLY DULL—UNION MEETING? REDS *Deadlier*! £6: W. Hitchen, 48 East Bawtry Road, Rotherham: ALL THE TIME—IT'S "ANY MOMENT," MOTORIST! £5: Mrs. G. K. Bruty, 13 The Brent, Dartford: LIKE A STAG AT BAY—*Last* OFFICIAL CONTEMPLATES "BUCK"! £5: Mrs. G. W. Fowkes, 11 Farnol Road, Yardley, Birmingham: MAN WHO THINKS — "DADDY, WHO *Starts* WARS?"

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Feb. 14, and in JOHN BULL, dated Feb. 21), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 7, for early news of "Bullets" No. 1,869 result.)

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 821**

1. Ship may be damaged before being properly in one
4. May produce a continuous roar
6. Upper form boy is sensitive about this from his dad in presence of schoolfellows
8. Most people have observed how rapidly weeds grow in
10. Some are considered of more weight than others
11. To some extent, bookmaker relies upon
12. There's a huge quantity of boot and shoe polish in
13. Gardener can easily have too many of them
14. Some youngsters don't take this on holiday

Down Clues

1. There are guests who leave one
2. There's a connection between ears and this
3. Even if you're not a tailor, a first-class suit should be easy to
5. The sort of thing that turns
7. Points are important to these
9. Simple instruction is best when teaching one

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XWORD 817 RESULT

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Closing Postmark **1,869** MON., JAN. 26

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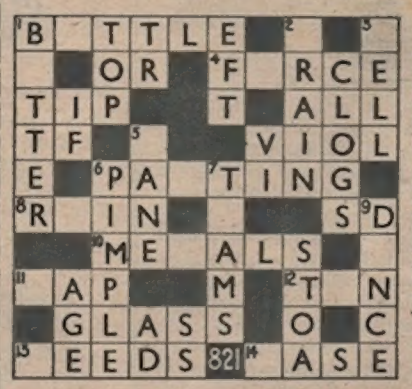

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **821** Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 26

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Signed .....

Address .....

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated February 7.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

TAKE IT FROM ME

Continued from page 9

heard you," he said. "You know, you're improving." Then, barely audibly, he added: "Thank God!"

And, indeed, I *was* improving. Soon I was able to join the dance band attached to the Footlights Dramatic Club. When, at the end of the term, the junior common-room committee in St. John's College arranged a freshmen's concert, somebody told them that I was second trombonist in the Footlights Dance Band. I was invited to prepare a piece for inclusion in their programme.

The concert, I was told, was to be a very serious one. There were to be solos, both vocal and instrumental, all on a classical level. This put me on my mettle and I chose a piece of music—a very *presto* piece—which required a considerable mastery of the instrument. In addition, I was invited, with another choral scholar named Max Homan, to sing a tenor and baritone duet.

Got The Giggles

After a beautifully played Chopin selection on the piano and an equally ambitious rendering of Schumann on the 'cello, the time came for me to play *my* solo. So up stood brave Edwards, nursing his ancient trombone, which had received an unaccustomed "coup-de-Bluebell" for the occasion. I waited nervously before the fifty or so in the critical audience, which included the Master and President of the College, half a dozen Fellows, and serious members of the musical society. The piano struck up a few bars of introduction and I launched myself into the first staccato notes.

In my chosen solo there was a pause after every three or four *presto* bars, and—unthinkingly—I flicked the spit-valve at the end of the slide in each nerve-wracking pause. After about six of these pauses, I became aware of a growing pool of my own saliva on the floor in front of me. Somehow, the combination of that repulsive pool of spit, the ludicrous noises that I was making, and the rows of sombre gentlemen so deeply attentive before me, struck me as being irresistibly funny.

Suddenly, between semibreves, the general incongruity of the whole scene made something snap, and I roared with laughter.

My outburst was met with frozen silence. The pianist struck the next chord and waited frigidly. Pulling myself together, I filled my lungs and let fly again. But I was gone now; and a dozen bars later I was giggling and helpless. Somehow, I struggled to the end of the solo, took a hurried bow to the minimum of applause, and sat down, trembling.

A Double Disgrace

This disgrace should have been enough for one evening. But it wasn't. Max Homan was a tall and bony young man, with a long neck. When it came to our turn to sing our duet, "The Moon Has Raised Her Lamp Above," he confessed that he had left his copy of the music in his rooms. "We'll have to share your copy," he said.

Our song began with a longish solo from the bass. I grabbed the music and boomed away:

"The moon has rais'd her lamp above
To light the way to thee, my love.
To light . . . the way . . . to thee
. . . my love;
Her rays up-on the wa-ters play,
To tell me eyes more bright than they
Are watch-ing thro' the night. . . ."

When the moment came for Max to lift up his strangulated tenor, he snatched the copy from me and began—but a beat too early. This was too much for me. Although I tried not to, I was now shaking with suppressed laughter. My turn came, and I pulled the music from him.

Standing beside me, Max could feel my silent convulsions. They were contagious; but there was nothing silent

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The picture on page 22 is of John Gielgud as a child.

about Max. He gave an indescribable hee-haw on a top note: and now we both lost control. Desperately, we turned our backs to the glowering music-lovers and sang on, struggling for composure. When we were done, we retired without delay. The silence was ghastly. That was my last attempt to make a serious appearance on any platform.

"Jimmy," Max said, a short while later. "About that concert."

"I don't want to talk about it," I said.

Max grinned wrily. "I can see your point," he said, "but just the same it's given me an idea."

I sighed. "All right. What is it?"

"I think we were funny," Max said, serious now. "I think *you* were very funny. Why don't we work out a comedy turn? Two comedy turns. I'll play the piano for your trombone solo and we will sing the duet."

I warmed to the idea. "That's it!" I said. "We could dress up in funny clothes as two old men."

"Oh, yes!" said Max. "We might even get into the Footlights Smoker."

We got down to details right away—and that's how it all began.

Broke The Tension

The committee of the Footlights Dramatic Club knew nothing of the aspiring comedian who was lurking in their dance band as second trombonist. But quite soon I was brought to their notice unexpectedly, when an emergency general meeting of the club was called to look into the handling of the band.

The president of the club was a tall, almost emaciated-looking young man named Ricketts. He was in the chair, and presently, when the meeting became heated, his thin face took on a mantle of quizzical distress. Towards the end of the meeting, tempers were frayed. The point at issue was the band's recent tardiness at engagements.

I stood up in my back row seat and cleared my throat. "What puzzles me," I said in a deliberately light vein, "is not why the band turns up late, but why it ever turns up at all." It could not have been what I said so much as the way I said it, but this comment brought forth a lusty guffaw—and suddenly the tension was gone.

When the meeting was over, Bob Ricketts sought me out. He shook my hand warmly. "Thank you, Edwards," he said, "for bringing them down to earth. You saved me from an awkward situation."

A couple of days later, he invited Max and me to appear in our new comic acts at a smoking concert, which was held in private at the club. We were both very nervous, but managed to get a few laughs. I must have made a better impression than I thought, because later I was asked to do the trombone solo at the May Week Revue.

May Week is traditionally a gay time in Cambridge. Exams are over and, for many undergraduates in their final year, it is their last chance to savour the social atmosphere of the university. Parents invade the town to watch the boat races on the Cam and most of the colleges have an all-night ball.

For many years, the Footlights had taken over the Arts Theatre for the whole week and performed a revue, which was, customarily, a comment on the year's events at the university. I was now privileged to take part in the last of these revues to be held for a long time.

One of our undergraduate writers hit upon the idea of presenting the trombone solo in an original and topical form. At that time, Belcher's famous painting, "I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls," had just been hung in the Royal Academy. It had been reproduced in magazines and had excited considerable popular interest. So the stage was set as a replica of this painting, with me sitting in a gigantic gilt frame, made up as the fat, shirt-sleeved old cornet player. But, of course, instead of the cornet, I was playing the trombone.

Storm Of Applause

When, on the opening night, the curtains parted, the effect of the setting drew a storm of applause. The introductory music died away and, on the last note, I tipped the trombone slightly forward. A stream of water poured out of the bell. This was the first intentional laugh I had ever had in a public theatre. Then I stepped from the frame straight to the footlights and delivered my lecture.

"Music," I began, "is divided into two distinct categories: loud and soft. In soft, we have piano, mezzo-piano, not-so-piano, pianissimo and, of course, pianola."

I warmed to the roars of laughter and continued: "In loud, we have mezzo-forte, forte, fifty, fortissimo, and eighty—which is, of course, double forte."

They liked me! It was wonderful!

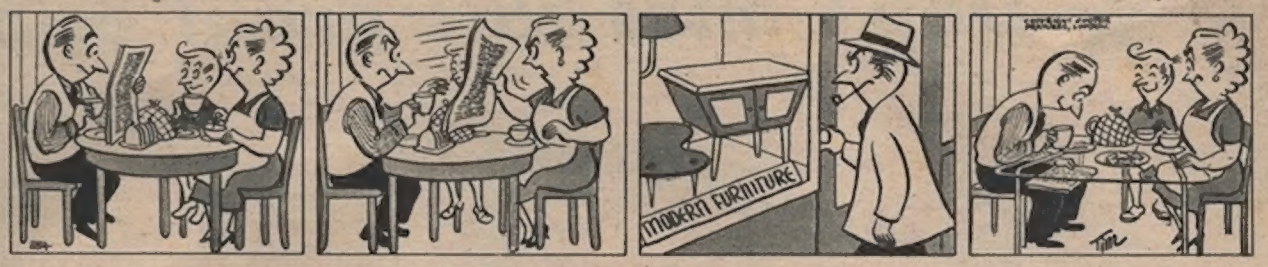
Unfortunately, all these extra-curricula activities gave me little time to pursue my studies and, two weeks before my exams, I began to cram desperately. The standard of my work was not high, and I found it increasingly difficult to see how I was going to cover "Chaucer to the present day" in the ever-diminishing number of weeks at my disposal.

About this time I began to keep a very detailed personal diary. Looking back it seems to be full of this sort of thing: "This afternoon found me with an hour to spare and nothing except work to do. An unendurable situation which is only to be remedied by whipping out to the cinema. However, I really will have to do some work soon, before the test essays take place." To my relief, I managed to scrape through my exams with a Pass.

I spent the Long Vacation at Gore Farm in Dorset, with several other undergraduates. We were picking potatoes on the morning of September 3, 1939, when one of the farmhands brought us the news that war had been declared.

NEXT WEEK: Jimmy Edwards—and his trombone—join up in the R.A.F.

OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*



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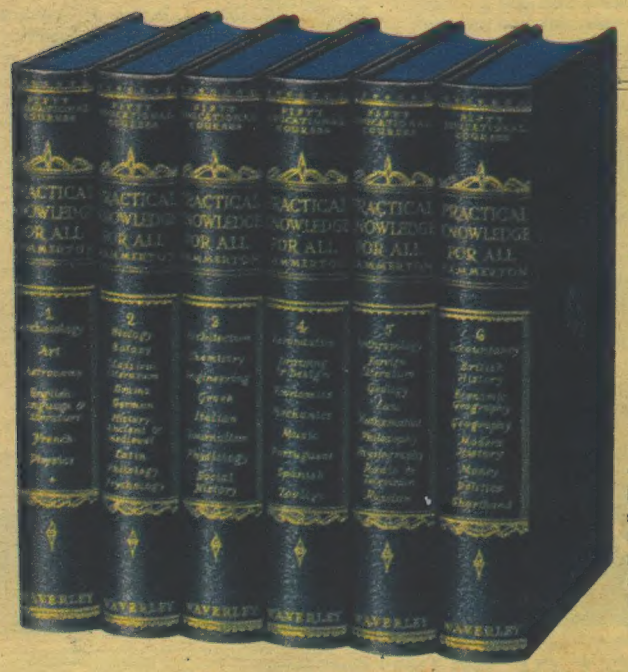

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